

FIFTY CENTS

JANUARY 31, 1972

TV's First Black Superstar

TIME



**Comedian
Flip
Wilson**

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Lucie

MUCH to the consternation of their pressagents, many younger performers have made reticence about their personal lives a cardinal credo. One devout follower of the Garbo tenet is Flip Wilson, the subject of this week's cover story. When he first approached the comedian, Roland Flaminio, our West Coast show business correspondent, "wondered if I'd even be able to snatch some conversation in the men's room." But Wilson slowly opened up to Flaminio,

particularly after the two were mobbed by a bunch of elderly women fans outside NBC's studios in Burbank. "Sharing an experience like that," says Flaminio, "has got to develop a bond between two people."

The result was a rare three-hour interview in Wilson's home, a ride in his Rolls-Royce and entrée into his dressing room. Nonetheless, Wilson was largely silent about his personal life and background. To fill in the gaps, Correspondent James Willwerth visited Jersey City, where Wilson grew up. Willwerth had two leads: a brief obituary on Wilson's mother and the fact that Wilson had attended Public School 14. Both led to blank walls. More legwork produced the name of Cornelius Parker, an undertaker who had grown up in Wilson's neighborhood and has many contacts in the black community. Parker took Willwerth on an area tour, during which they found a number of Wilson's old acquaintances. After interviewing one of them, Willwerth asked what he did for a living. The man held up a note pad with a lot of numbers on it.

WILSON WITH FLAMINIO IN BURBANK

Covering Soviet military affairs also presents reportorial challenges; the Kremlin does not advertise its intentions. Four years ago, however, TIME ran a cover story entitled "Russia's Navy: A New Challenge at Sea." That article, written by David Tinnin, told of the rapid progress that the Soviet navy was making in strengthening its position. This week Tinnin returns to the subject with a major World section story that reports just how far the Russians have advanced and the strategic implications of their seapower expansion.

Recently, while on a four-month reporting tour in Eastern Europe, Tinnin witnessed an incident that underscored the dramatic shift in naval power. He and other newsmen were covering the arrival of Leonid Brezhnev for talks in Belgrade when Soviet warships steamed menacingly into the Adriatic port of Rijeka, where the Russians would like to establish a base. Neither the journalists nor the Tito government could miss the point of the dual visitation.

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*One-minute minimum calls available only at the times shown. Additional minutes are 20¢ each.



LETTERS

Dialogue on Amnesty

Sir / I very much appreciate the support that you have given to my amnesty proposal in your TIME Essay (Jan. 10).

If passions are to be replaced by more reasoned dialogue on this critically important subject, it will be because of additional understanding through essays such as yours.

ROBERT TAFT JR.
U.S. Senator from Ohio
Washington, D.C.

Sir / There are at least two young men from this town who, because of the Viet Nam War, are exiled from their homes and families.

One of these unwilling exiles is my husband, who has been a prisoner of war for more than four years. The other young man chose to desert the Army rather than serve in Viet Nam. It is apparent that this war, whatever its effect on Indochina, has hurt our country terribly. I am still enough of a patriot, even a chauvinist, to feel that when we begin the restructuring of our society, America will need all her sons.

Therefore, as the wife of a P.O.W., I will actively support amnesty for the American refugees.

(MRS.) VALERIE M. KUSINER
Danville, Va.

Sir / As far as the question of giving amnesty to draft evaders is concerned, I do not wish to share the privileges of American citizenship with men who do not fulfill their duties as citizens. In my opinion, these selfish men, who interpret morals for their own benefit, are nothing less than traitors.

JIM MORONEY
New York City

Sir / Having gone through the dilemma of whether to obey or resist, I found myself, against my moral and spiritual conscience, serving as ordered in Viet Nam. As a surgical technician, mine was not a direct encounter with the fighting but a position in which I witnessed the brutality and absurdity of war. I could not help offering my understanding to those deserters and resisters who, according to their higher conscience, refused any association with the military murder machine. I cast my vote for total abolition for these men.

BILL WAGNER
Glenwood Springs, Colo.

Sir / I cannot speak for all Canadians, but most of my friends are fervently hoping and indeed praying that the U.S. will take back the draft dodgers, deserters, etc. In Canada, we have acquired a motley crew of Maoists, Trotskyites, Communists, socialists, anarchists, college-building burners and what have you. (Correction—what *had* you.)

Please bring them home. Please.
S.A. MELROSE
Toronto

Cuthroats or Heroes?

Sir / In your story on the "troubles" in Northern Ireland (Jan. 10), you constantly wander from the real issue: the right of Ireland to exist as an undivided nation. Problems there may be in uniting the two Irelands, but they are problems created by the British. If the I.R.A.

fails, its members will be branded cuthroats and criminals, but if they succeed they will be national heroes. Isn't that always the way? Even the British must know that sooner or later they are going to have to get out.

K.V. ARANDA
Mexico City

Sir / It seems the facts in Northern Ireland's struggle for justice are overshadowed by arguments about the I.R.A.'s guerrilla tactics.

This deprived Catholic minority does not want war and violence; who does? All they want is equality and justice, which they are not getting.

DAVID J. BLAIR
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir / Given the deep-rooted hatreds in Northern Ireland, a solution to its problems within the present demographic framework seems impossible. Why not try a population transfer of either Catholics or Protestants? The transfer of Catholics to the Irish Republic would leave a small but more homogeneous and justifiable British substate in Ulster. Alternatively, the transfer of staunch Protestant Unionists to Britain would make possible a united Ireland. The difficulties would be small compared with those that have plagued Northern Ireland for the past 50 years.

JOSEPH M. CURRAN
Syracuse

Sir / TIME's recent story on the I.R.A. is the best all-round account of the history of the current resistance in North-

ern Ireland. I want to commend you for not slandering the bravest men in Northern Ireland as "terrorists" or "murderers."

The Unionist Party and the Orange Order have too long exacerbated the differences between Irishmen, Catholic or Protestant. Thank you for telling the truth about the intolerable repression in Northern Ireland and the men who would end it.

RAYMOND O'KANE
New York City

Sir / British troops are in Northern Ireland solely to protect the lives of all inhabitants there, whatever their religion. This part of Ireland is British, and I feel it is time for you to realize what British means.

ARTHUR P. LYON
Coral Gables, Fla.

Sir / I am wondering whether the Irish are going to accept a country handed to them by murderers and robbers, assuming that the I.R.A. were successful. Ireland is controlled by the church, and morality and righteousness are said to be characteristic of the Irish. To blow up people is immoral; yet the "moralistic" Irish government permits the activities of the I.R.A. by permitting its existence.

The Irish government had better redefine morality.

A.M. SMITH
Dublin

Disturbing View

Sir / Retiring Music Critic Winthrop Sargeant (Jan. 10) deserves an award of sorts for his incredible string of questionable judgments and false assumptions. His commendable lauding of Beverly Sills cannot begin to offset the remarkable prediction of future obscurity for Stravinsky and the naming of Richard Strauss as "greatest composer of the 20th century."

Needless to say, to be hated is the mark of both good and bad critics. Sargeant's black-white view of criticism is disturbing, and is as erroneous as his feeling that music criticism has not much of a future. As long as music exists, so will accompanying thought regarding its worth.

CHRISTOPHER R. PIGNOLI
Music Critic
The Pittsburgh Forum
Pittsburgh

Sir / In reading your article on Winthrop Sargeant, I was once again reminded of critics' serious misunderstanding of twelve-tone and serial music. The twelve-tone system does not merely express violence, but rather expresses the value of abstraction. If we feel violent when listening to a work by Schoenberg, we are assigning meanings to that work that are not really there.

For me and a few others, the twelve-tone system offers a rational solution to the problem of creating a new and significant musical language.

THOMAS E. COOK
San Diego

The Spirits Wait

Sir / I enjoyed your article on the beautiful beach rites on New Year's Eve in Rio (Jan. 10) and the spiritists who take part.

Sometimes the present age intrudes on the primitive. As a Methodist missionary in the Rio area in recent years,

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LETTERS

I often attended rituals with my friends. One Saturday evening of chants, dances and descending spirits lasted a half-hour late. The leader of the group had to watch the end of a soccer game on TV before he would begin.

(THE REV.) WARREN L. DANKIN
New York City

Sir / You have gone too far in trying to describe spiritism as a pagan cult in Brazil. You have confused African religious rites, such as Quimbanda and Umbanda, which were brought by the slaves, with the Christian religion of spiritism.

Chico Xavier, the leading Brazilian spiritist writer, has taken part in many TV programs and his appearances were sedate and dignified. Umbanda Spokesman Seu Sete's only appearance on television was on a curiosity show.

A.R. DE FREITAS
São Paulo

A New Kind of Love

Sir / With reference to your well-deserved tribute to Maurice Chevalier [Jan. 10], you mention that one of the American favorites he sang was *If a Nightingale Could Sing Like You*.

Not to indulge in nipping, but just to set the record straight, while that was the opening line of the chorus, the correct title was *You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me*.

MONROE H. FOEL
Oak Park, Ill.

Now, Something for the Women

Sir / If Morton Golden's theory is that men use football games "as a fantasy to relieve the youthful sexual aggressiveness" [Jan. 10], what does he have to offer to women who are the "football nuts"?

JANET L. PATHAK
Westlake, Ohio

Sir / To Morton Golden and his sex theory on football watching, I say "Horse feathers!" Is Monday night football on TV an X-rated program?

MRS. ROBERT TROUGHTON
Newport Beach, Calif.

Sir / Really, Doc, that's all I'm allowed on Sunday afternoon in the living room, what with the kids and the possibility that one of the friendly neighborhood piems might drop in.

BERNARD CROGAN
La Crosse, Wis.

Address letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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My departure date is _____ and the airline and flight number are _____. I will pick up my cards at the JAL counter at the following Tokyo location: ☐ JAL International Passenger Service Center ☐ Imperial Hotel ☐ Tokyo Hilton Hotel ☐ Palace Hotel ☐ Hotel New Japan ☐ Hotel Okura ☐ Hotel New Otani ☐ Akasaka Tokyu Hotel ☐ Hotel Keio Plaza ☐ Pacific Hotel (Check one)

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January 19, 1972

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Reversing the Gap

Being with it has always been a demanding occupation. Consider the reverse Generation Gap evident these days on some campuses. With another hard-times graduation approaching, youngsters whose older brothers and sisters hooted button-down recruiters off campus are sprucing up, clipping their hair and donning coat and tie for company interviews. As Sterling Macer of General Electric puts it: "Students simply don't want to blow their chances for a job."

Ironically, it seems that in campus interview rooms today's student is likely to encounter the new American corporate swinger. Though not exactly freaked out in blue-tinted glasses, dashiki and love beads, many corporate recruiters have gamely tried to meet more than halfway their interviewees of the past few years. The result is that the recruiters frequently sport longer hair and brighter-hued shirts and ties than are worn by the scrubbed and sober students who are eagerly looking for straight jobs.

Fly Me—if You're Clean

Since the introduction of the magnetometer, an anti-skyjacking gadget that looks like a pair of mechanical bean poles, the most intriguing refuse is found in washrooms and waste baskets at major airports. Says Jay Adsen, FAA

security chief at Los Angeles International Airport: "It's really amazing, the things people carry around with them." Amazing indeed—and more than a little disturbing. At Chicago's O'Hare Airport, federal marshals have scooped up knives, handguns, tear-gas guns and stolen credit cards. In Los Angeles, officials found in a boarding area a jacket containing a .22 revolver, a .38 revolver, a .25 automatic and three boxes of ammunition.

Most of the items are abandoned by jittery passengers who, rather than take a chance on electronic detection, deposit their wares in toilet bowls, rented lockers and potted palms. Thus there are few arrests. Still, the magnetometer has presumably diminished skyjacking. Its only disadvantage, mused one marshal, "is that some of the airlines, by setting up the device, might be losing some trade." Though some passengers might object to being electronically frisked, it seems a small price to pay for skyway safety.

What Price Virtue?

The Joint Congressional Committee that wrote the 1969 tax reform bill was aware of the possibility. But only now, as the first full season of preparing tax returns under the new law has descended, is the price of virtue coming straight home to American taxpayers. For a husband and wife who both work and have relatively similar incomes, the new rules offer what amounts to a cold-cash invitation to divorce.

One such couple is John and Kathryn McGrath of Washington, D.C. They are both attorneys, he with a private law firm, she for the Securities and Exchange Commission. Working out their 1971 return, they discovered that they would save approximately \$1,000 in taxes if they could file as singles rather than as marrieds. With that, Mrs. McGrath fired off a wry letter to Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills, complaining that "the U.S. Congress has provided us with a strong economic incentive to obtain a divorce and thereafter to live more prosperously in sin."

Mills' staffers admit the inequity, but insist that it was the inevitable result of giving a fairer break to single people. Mrs. McGrath's reply is that marrieds should simply be given the option of filing as if they were single. Otherwise, she says, "that \$1,000 could finance a trip to Haiti for a quick divorce, and we'd have a vacation thrown in, too."



PRESIDENT NIXON DELIVERING STATE OF THE

THE PRESIDENCY

The Politics of

SMILING at the assembled leaders of all branches of the Government, Richard Nixon made a lighthearted political rally early in his State of the Union speech. "There are more candidates for the presidency in this chamber today than there probably have been at any one time in the whole history of the Republic," he said, to laughter. Actually, not all the candidates from Congress were present, but the President could scarcely avoid the eyes of two of his likely challengers in November. There, seated side by side and within a few yards of him, were Hubert Humphrey and Edmund Muskie—and the arrangement was not by accident. "C'mon Ed, let's sit down together, and let him look at us together," Humphrey had said to Muskie as the session began.

That scene symbolized the real significance of this year's State of the Union message. Needing help from a Democratic Congress in an election year, Nixon used his report, supplemented by a written message, to plead with his foes to put the public interest above their partisan concerns—and thus set them up for censure if they fail to respond to the lofty call to statesmanship. Confident, conciliatory and optimistic, Nixon was at his professional best in a speech honed, through eight drafts, to a taut 31 minutes. Heavy on generalities, soft on specifics, the address was far from inspirational, but it did reach a few moments of near eloquence.

No Surprises. The political nature of the reports was evident in Nixon's thumbs-up treatment of one of the biggest threats to his re-election: the state of the economy. He cited statistics to back his claim of leading the nation toward "a new prosperity without war." He termed the unbalanced budget (see THE ECONOMY) that



"Are you just being optimistic or is somebody actually hiring?"



UNION ADDRESS TO LEADERS OF GOVERNMENT IN HOUSE CHAMBER

STEVE KATZMAN—GAMMA

a Nonpolitical Speech

he will present this week as "expansionary without being inflationary." Yet almost at the moment he was speaking, his financial experts revealed that the budget deficit that Nixon has run up in the current fiscal year will reach an astonishing \$38.8 billion. That is the biggest deficit since World War II, and it came under the man who in 1968 complained that the smaller deficits of the Johnson Administration had "wrecked and dislocated the economy" and produced "a profound crisis of credibility" in monetary affairs. Moreover, the balance of payments deficit for 1971 is now calculated to have been an equally unprecedented \$31 billion—far larger than the imbalances for which Republicans have often at times past assailed Democratic Presidents.

While Nixon understandably glossed over such negative aspects of his economic performance, he was not above flirting with demagoguery in considering one of the nation's most controversial issues. In a speech that drew only a few enthusiastic responses, he elicited the greatest ovation when he promised that "local school boards must have control over local schools"—a clear reference to the politically sensitive issue of busing children to achieve a better racial balance in schools. If local school boards were to be actually in full control, unpresured by courts, the Constitution, and the Federal Government, there is little doubt that all the long painful years of progress toward integrated schools would be reversed in the South and never really get launched in the North.

In the rest of his message, Nixon offered no substantive surprises. As anticipated, he raised two issues that could become the basis of partisan controversy by election time. He an-

nounced that the Administration is considering ways to relieve local property taxes by having the Federal Government assume much of the burden of school financing. Since courts in three states already have declared that reliance on this tax violates the Constitution because of the vast range in school support between rich and poor districts, some such remedy seems necessary. Certainly any local tax break would be highly popular among hard-pressed homeowners.

Chip to Use. Arguing that "strong military defenses are the guardians of peace," Nixon was warmly applauded on the Republican side of the chamber as he announced that his new budget will call for an increase in defense spending. At a time when the costs of the Viet Nam War are receding, this is certain to be attacked by Democrats as a distortion of national priorities. Nixon plans to use much of the money to develop longer-range submarine-launched nuclear missiles, modernize land-based Minuteman missiles and further increase military pay to work toward the elusive goal of an all-volunteer army. He seemed to hint that the emphasis on nuclear arms may be a bargaining chip to use in the SALT talks with the Soviet Union. "Our ability to achieve an arms-control agreement depends on our ability to negotiate from a position of strength," he declared.

Nixon also proposed a vague program, to be spelled out in a later message, to turn much of the nation's underemployed technology into such peaceful pursuits as attacking the problems of pollution and making U.S. products more competitive in world markets. He went on to urge enactment of the "six great goals" that he



MUSKIE & HUMPHREY LISTEN



CABINET MEMBERS APPLAUD

THE NATION

had cited as a part of his "new American revolution" State of the Union speech last year. In various stages of progress or limbo in Democratic hands, they are: welfare reform, revenue sharing, executive reorganization, environmental protection, better health care and—the only one on which dramatic action has been taken—improving the economy.

Nixon did concede that he was not yet wholly satisfied that he had done everything possible to turn the economy around, pledging: "Our goal is full employment in peacetime. We intend to meet that goal." Yet Nixon aides tell reporters that full employment—generally placed at an almost irreducible minimum of 4% unemployed—is no longer practical now that so many women and teen-agers are seeking jobs.

In the oral message, Nixon pointedly avoided presenting a shopping list of election-year proposals. His written report does just that, however, touching on almost anything that any Democrat might challenge him on in the election, ranging from shifting the U.S. to the metric system to expanding equal rights for women. That challenge began almost immediately, as the Democrats got an hour of equal time on the networks to take issue with the President's message.

Hard Choices. Nixon has not yet shed his fondness of hyperbole. He contended that recent changes in world monetary and trade policies meant that "we stand today at a turning point in the history of our country—and the history of our planet." He still falls into clichés. "Surveying the certainty of rapid change," he declared, "we can be like a fallen rider caught in the stirrups—or we can sit high in the saddle, the masters of change, directing it in a course that we choose."

As a political document, designed to pass the election-year buck to the Democrats, Nixon's "nonpartisan" speech was a smooth and highly effective performance. He produced some graceful lines, including his defense of the nation's essential goodness. Said he: "Let us reject the narrow visions of those who tell us that we are evil because we are not yet perfect; that we are corrupt because we are not yet pure; that all the sweat and toil and sacrifice that have gone into the building of America were for naught because the building is not yet done."

But the President did not really face up to the hard choices of what to do about America's continuing racial problems, or how to take adequate action against environmental pollution while still stimulating economic growth, or finding ways to check the decline in the quality of life in the nation's largest cities. What he did, rather adroitly, was address the problem of how to re-elect a President when a majority of Congress is determined to defeat him.



KEMP & BROCK TALKING WITH YOUTHFUL VOTERS IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

POLITICS

G.O.P. Reach to Youth

At Republican National Committee headquarters, the drive to re-elect Richard Nixon has yet to shift into high gear. In the offices of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, the official campaign headquarters, some of the desks are still empty, awaiting the arrival of a staff—including Attorney General John Mitchell, who is expected to take up his old post as campaign manager. But one part of the Nixon drive has been operating at full tilt for weeks: the G.O.P. Youth Division is wasting no time going after the 25 million young men and women eligible to vote for the first time this fall. The early activity is spurred by the sound premise that the youth vote could be the key to a second term in office for President Nixon.

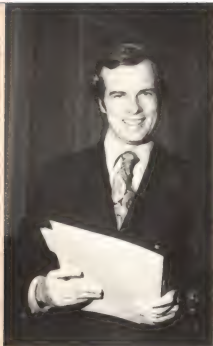
The Youth Division is headquartered in posh offices one block from the White House. There a staff of twelve professional political workers—all pointedly under 30—directs the most sophisticated youth campaign of any candidate. Its goal: to organize young volunteers across the country for doorbell ringing, voter registration and grass-roots organizing. With registration among the young currently running 2 to 1 Democratic, the G.O.P. hopes that its youthful volunteers can persuade enough of their contemporaries to vote Republican to offset the Democrats' nominal advantage.

To identify potential volunteers—and voters—the Youth Division relies on computerized analyses of young voters. The result is a carefully laid out plan that, unlike the strategies of most of the Democratic candidates,

does not rely primarily on college students. (Only one-fifth of the voters between 18 and 25 attend college.) While the G.O.P. has mapped speaking tours for Cabinet members and White House officials at key campuses across the country, the emphasis will be on non-college youth. Traditionally less politicized and vocal than their collegiate counterparts, they have been somewhat overlooked by candidates in the past.

Like their parents, noncollege youth are primarily interested in the less glamorous economic and domestic issues: mortgage interest rates, unemployment, taxes for schools, government services. To reach them, the G.O.P. will send battalions of organizers into areas where new housing construction—and young families—is concentrated. G.O.P. statisticians have discovered that in California, for example, 2.4 million of the 2.5 million new voters live in ten of the state's 58 counties. G.O.P. bigwigs will visit vocational schools as well as universities.

Not Agnew. The scheme is the brainchild of one of the Republicans' most successful vote-getters among the young, Tennessee Senator William Brock. In his 1970 race against Albert Gore, Brock carried the youth vote by a 2-to-1 margin, despite Gore's dovish stance on the Viet Nam War. Brock won on 15 college campuses, losing just one and tying Gore in another. He is co-chairman of the Congressional Advisory Council for the Youth Division, and his former campaign manager, Kenneth Rietz, 30, is director of the Youth Division. With Brock on the advisory committee are ten Republican Congressmen primarily in their 30s and 40s, among them former Pro Quarterback Jack Kemp. A ce-



PHOTOGRAPH BY JONAS MEYER

YOUTH DIVISION DIRECTOR KEN RIETZ

ECCENTRICS

The Hughes Mystery Deepens

THE Howard Hughes affair, already one of the more mysterious episodes in publishing history, grew still more bewildering last week. New questions surrounding the reclusive billionaire's supposed autobiography arced between Manhattan and a Swiss banking house on Zurich's Paradeplatz. For the moment, the puzzlements were sufficient to persuade McGraw-Hill and LIFE to announce that they were "holding in abeyance action on the publication of the Howard Hughes manuscript"—which had been scheduled to be excerpted in LIFE's Feb. 11, 18 and 25 issues and to appear in book form on March 10.

The most intriguing new speculations revolved around the \$650,000 that Howard Hughes is supposed to have collected from McGraw-Hill for pouring forth his autobiography in at least 100 hours of interviews and tapings with Author Clifford Irving. The \$650,000 was allegedly paid to Hughes in the form of three checks—a cashier's check from Irving for \$50,000, a McGraw-Hill check for \$275,000 and a McGraw-Hill check for \$325,000. Irving claims that he gave two of the checks to Hughes in person and the third to a trusted Hughes intermediary; by Irving's account, Hughes personally acknowledged a half-hour later that he had indeed received the third check. Last week at a New York State Supreme Court hearing on the case, Irving showed photostats of the three checks, all bearing the endorsement of "H.R. Hughes" and cleared by the Swiss Credit Bank in Zurich.

No Taxes. Hughes' aides deny that he ever received the money. Attorney Chester Davis has asked the Internal Revenue Service to investigate where the funds went, and insists that Hughes will pay no taxes on money he never received. In the New York court last week, Davis brought forth another disavowal of the entire project from Hughes. It was in the form of two pages of typewritten questions with longhand answers allegedly written by Hughes. Said one query: "Did you at any time authorize McGraw-Hill or Clifford Irving or anyone other than Rosemont [a publishing company set up by Hughes] to publish your autobiography or any material relating to you?" The scrawled reply: "No. I would like to see these forgeries." "When is the last time you personally endorsed a check for any reason?" "More than ten years ago." At the bottom of each page of the questionnaire was the signature "Howard R. Hughes." In addition, each page bore

* According to a contract that Hughes—or someone else—signed with McGraw-Hill, Hughes was also guaranteed the first \$100,000 in royalties for the book, bringing his total payment to \$750,000.

a set of fingerprints said to belong to Hughes.

What, then, became of the \$650,000? This Swiss Credit Bank account through which the three checks had cleared became the focus of an intensive investigation. No one, of course, ever imagined that Hughes had personally gone to Zurich to open the account. The more pertinent question: Was whoever opened it acting for Hughes, or for someone else? Even before last week, LIFE and McGraw-Hill had been troubled by some of the circumstances surrounding the account. At McGraw-Hill's behest, officials for the canton of Zurich were investigating the matter, and last week that investigation and others turned up some curious information.

The account was opened last April at the Swiss Credit Bank in the name of "H.R. Hughes" by a slim, attractive blonde woman, 42 years old, 5'11" ft. tall, weighing 100 lbs., who spoke English and very bad German. She carried a Swiss passport issued in 1969 by the Swiss consul in Barcelona, Spain. It identified her as "Helga R. Hughes." To open the account, the woman signed "H.R. Hughes" on a signature card. A bank officer compared the writing with her passport signature. The two seemed to match, and the woman deposited 1,000 French francs (\$180) to open the account. Interestingly, all of the contracts and documents in the venture were made out by McGraw-Hill to H.R. Hughes, at what was taken to be his insistence.

About three weeks later, the woman appeared at the bank to deposit the first of the three checks—this one for \$50,000. In a bank officer's presence, she endorsed the check "H.R. Hughes." In early fall, the woman appeared again, this time to deposit the \$275,000 McGraw-Hill check made out to H.R. Hughes. Again she endorsed the check in the presence of a bank officer. The third check, for \$325,000, arrived by mail, already endorsed, early last December.

New Theories. The bank account was used only for converting the checks into cash. About two weeks after each deposit—it takes approximately that long for an overseas check to clear—the woman appeared and withdrew the money in Swiss currency. She carried it off in sizable bundles in an airline flight bag, since the largest denomination of Swiss currency, a 1,000-franc note, is equivalent to only \$258. The account now is virtually empty; apparently only the original 1,000 francs is still there.

The revelations about the bank account invited new theories about the entire Hughes project. Was "Helga R. Hughes" acting for the real Hughes,

lebrity committee, including *My Three Sons* star Stanley Livingston and Miami Dolphin Linebacker Nick Buoniconti, has been set up to provide the glitter for rallies and letterheads.

The real work is done by Rietz and his paid staff of twelve. Although no figures are available on the cost of the youth campaign, Rietz admits that his budget is generous and his latitude wide: "This is no back-of-the-bus thing." At this stage of the campaign, he and his people are concentrating on registration. An elaborate record-keeping system involving triplicate forms and follow-up letters and phone calls has been set up for each potential supporter contacted by volunteers. The staff is studiously silent about Spiro Agnew, brushing aside questions about the Vice President with a curt statement: "The important thing is to re-elect the President." That Agnew's attacks on students will be a liability in campaigning among the young was underscored at a meeting of youthful Nixon supporters in Pennsylvania last week. When asked which Administration officials would be welcome campaigners, one youth replied: "Don't send Agnew."

Even the carefully honed Youth Division cannot overcome all of the antipathies young people feel about Nixon—his somewhat gray and cold image, the drawback of some key figures in his Administration, for example. Rietz and his young colleagues do not expect to elect the President on the basis of the youth vote, but they hope to prevent that vote from defeating him. Says one: "Let's face it—Nixon isn't going to carry the college vote. But the margin by which he loses it is important, and we're cutting that down."

THE NATION

who is now for whatever reasons trying to cover his tracks? Was he part of a conspiracy to collect on a totally phony Hughes "autobiography," or to peddle his authentic autobiography, fraudulently obtained? If so, was Irving part of the conspiracy? Or was he taken in by the conspirators? As Irving succinctly puts it, there are only three possibilities: 1) he is an impostor; 2) he is the victim of an impostor; and 3) whoever opened the Swiss account was a trusted Hughes agent acting on Hughes' behalf to collect the money secretly for him—the so-called "faithful servant" theory. But why would Hughes design such an elaborate system in order to cash three checks?

If "Helga Hughes" did indeed endorse two of the three checks in the presence of a bank officer, then the holographic evidence on which McGraw-Hill and LIFE have been basing their



AUTHOR CLIFFORD IRVING

Not at any time.

6. Did you sign or authorize the execution on your behalf of a contract with McGraw-Hill or Clifford Irving for the publication of anything by you or concerning you?

Same as above.

7. Did you receive or authorize anyone else to receive any money directly or indirectly from McGraw-Hill or Clifford Irving for the publication of anything by you or concerning you or for anything else?

No

8. When is the last time you personally endorsed a check for any reason?

More than 10 years ago
Howard Hughes

PART OF QUESTIONNAIRE SAID TO BEAR HUGHES' SIGNATURE

case for authenticity might he called into question. The reason: endorsements on the last two checks were part of a chain of handwriting evidence. The New York experts, Osborn Associates, had concluded that those two checks were endorsed by the same hand that wrote nine letters and other documents to Irving and McGraw-Hill during the book project. In turn, all of those recent samples, Osborn found, matched samples of Howard Hughes' handwriting dating back to 1936. That is manifestly impossible in at least one instance if the Swiss are correct in saying that the second check was signed in a bank officer's presence (the first check was not available to Osborn at the time the 19-item chain of holographic evidence was assembled and attested). But that one break in the chain may not necessarily invalidate all the other links.

Late last week Irving left New York to fly to his home on Ibiza, one of the Balearic Islands off Spain's Mediterranean coast. LIFE immediately issued a statement: "We were opposed to his departure at this time . . . We thought it was a very bad time to go,

while developments were still taking place in Switzerland and while we're hopefully awaiting more information from the Swiss police that might resolve if there is a fraud and who perpetrated it." But Irving was said to have left for only a brief visit with his family and promised that he would return immediately if he was needed in New York.

All of the intrigue about Helga R. Hughes obscured discussion on the crucial question of whether or not the Hughes "autobiography" is indeed genuine. Even if fraudulently obtained, the book could well be real. All his life Hughes has been a compulsive dictator of memos on nearly every aspect of his activities. Millions of words by Hughes exist on paper, a reservoir that could be tapped by a disgruntled associate to fill a book. McGraw-Hill and LIFE said in their statement: "We continue to believe that the material we have contains the authentic language and views of Howard Hughes."

With McGraw-Hill and LIFE at least temporarily suspending their plans to publish, the New York State Supreme Court took no further ac-

tion on a motion by Hughes' lawyers to enjoin publication. Before the matter became moot, however, Irving filed with the court a minutely detailed affidavit describing the numerous meetings during which Hughes supposedly recited his extraordinarily confessional autobiography. If Irving is lying, he has obviously left himself open to comprehensive perjury charges, for his account is remarkably explicit. He and Hughes first met by prearrangement, says Irving, in Oaxaca, Mexico, on Feb. 13. By Irving's account, the meetings continued over the next ten months, in automobiles and motel and hotel rooms in San Juan, Puerto Rico; Nassau; Beverly Hills and Palm Springs, Calif.; Key Biscayne and Pompano Beach, Fla.; and somewhere near Miami.

Irving's story bristles with specifics—exact dates and times and a wealth of dramatic detail. In Tehuantepec, Mexico, for example, on Feb. 14, Irving says that after a meeting with Hughes, "the man known to me as Pedro gave me what appears to be a Polaroid photograph, taken of me by a Hughes aide as I descended from the plane at Mexico City Airport en route from New York. This, it was explained to me, was for identification purposes and to insure that I was not accompanied by newsmen."

Live Witnesses. Later, during a recording session at Pompano Beach, according to Irving, Hughes posted a 24-hour guard at Irving's motel bungalow to make sure that none of the tapes were removed: "Mr. Hughes informed me that the guard would all ways carry a cane and be under 40 years of age and that if I saw a man lurking in the vicinity, I was not to molest him."

Chester Davis countered: "We will produce live witnesses to establish beyond a shadow of a doubt that it was impossible for Irving to have met or seen Howard Hughes on those occasions." Then, later in the week, came the typewritten questionnaire with answers by Hughes. Besides adding fingerprints and signatures for authentication, that document took the same position that Hughes—or someone purporting to be Hughes—adopted earlier this month in a telephone press conference with seven reporters in Los Angeles: that the autobiography is at the very least unauthorized, if not an outright fraud, as Hughes' lawyers have claimed since the book was first announced on Dec. 7.

Thus, swearing to a complex scenario of secret encounters, Irving continues to insist that the manuscript is genuine. A still-unseen Hughes denies it, now gaining at least some psychological advantage because of the suspicions that the Zurich episode has aroused. The only certainty was that someone in the case is an extravagantly imaginative liar and possibly an epic swindler as well.

WOMEN

Tradition Aweigh

Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Elmo Zumwalt has banished bell-bottoms and allowed sideburns to lengthen and beards to flourish among his men. However, these will be but footnotes to his reputation as a radical admiral if two members of Congress get their wish: Michigan Congressman Jack McDonald and New York Senator Jacob Javits want the Navy to admit women to Annapolis. Both Republican legislators plan to nominate coeds for admission to the Naval Academy, for 126 years the all-male training ground of Navy officers.

The two nominees possess formidable credentials. Valerie Schoen, an 18-year-old freshman majoring in Russian at the University of Michigan, graduated from high school with a near-perfect academic record. Her experience on the water is likewise impressive: she has a certificate from the Coast Guard Auxiliary for basic seamanship and has won awards for more than 400 miles of canoeing. Her application to Annapolis "all started as a joke," but Congressman McDonald took it seriously and included her name in his list of nominations.

Senator Javits, the first Senator to nominate a girl for the coveted job of Senate page, this week will announce that his principal appointment to Annapolis will be a woman. His nominee is Barbara Jo Brimmer, 17, of Staatsburg, N.Y., an A student and New York State Regents scholar who came by her interest in Annapolis naturally: her father is an Annapolis graduate and her mother was once a WAVE officer. Brimmer has been the subject of a lengthy debate between Javits and Secretary of the Navy John Chafee. Argued Javits: "I seek only to have the academy conform to the Navy itself. Some 3.6% of naval officers



ANNAPOLIS NOMINEE BARBARA JO BRIMMER
Natural interest in the academy.

are women. Shouldn't a similar percentage of Annapolis' entering class and graduates also be women? Shouldn't there at least be one?" Chafee replied that U.S. law provided for the Navy to admit "sons" of servicemen killed in action, and he interpreted that narrow slice of law to limit the academy's general enrollment to men only. In addition, Chafee argued, naval regulations prohibit women from attending Annapolis. Javits' reply: The law "simply provides that the Secretary of the Navy shall be in charge of the Navy—and says nothing about excluding women."

Navy officials have yet to rule finally on the applications, begging lack of facilities for women at Annapolis as another barrier to admitting the two nominees. It is an argument that did not restrain Yale or Princeton from going coeducational; perhaps the answer lies in moving the WAVE officer-training school into companion quarters on Chesapeake Bay and establishing coordinate campuses.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Two on the Seesaw

August 1968 was a traumatic month for all Czechs, but it was particularly and privately so for Vlasta Gabriel, the young mother of two small children. Ten days after Warsaw Pact armies rumbled into Czechoslovakia, Vlasta's husband Bedrich, an electrician and occasional truck driver in Decin, bundled the couple's children into the family car and defected to the West. He eventually settled with his émigré mother in Yucca, Calif. (pop. 26,000) and died of lung cancer not long after. Vlasta plunged into a lonely, uphill custody battle for her son and daughter. The case is still pending in a San Bernardino courtroom, and could easily snowball into a ma-

jor East-West propaganda confrontation. Whatever the outcome, it has already become something of a diplomatic *cause célèbre*.

Vlasta refused to go along when the rest of her family fled or to join them later because, she now says, she did not want to leave her home and country. She also claims she was advised by Czech legal authorities that she would be able to get her children back. Vlasta filed for divorce in Czechoslovakia, sued for the custody of the children, and asked the International Red Cross to help her get them back.

First Round. The divorce and decree theoretically awarding Vlasta custody were granted in October of 1968, and she later remarried. There the matter would probably have rested had not Bedrich died, since it is unlikely that a U.S. court would have ordered the children home while their father was living. But his death left the children wards of the court, since his mother was unable to care for them.

During Gabriel's illness, the children—named after their parents, Bedrich, now 7, and Vlasta, 8—were often cared for by a local couple, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Smith. Smith, an Air Force Reserve sergeant, and his wife, a nurse's aide, eagerly added them to their own household of three children upon Gabriel's death and filed suit for legal guardianship. The couple's claim was based on Gabriel's deathbed wish that the children remain in the U.S., and also on the argument that they were too Americanized to return home. Vlasta pressed her case through a lawyer hired by the Czech embassy.

The Smiths lost the first round of their fight when a U.S. juvenile court ruled last November that the children should be returned home. Their mother was told that they would be flown from Los Angeles to Prague, but when she went to the airport they were not on the designated plane. Aided by a last-minute community appeal organized by one of the children's teachers in their Catholic school, Sister Sean Patrice, the Smiths had won a temporary restraining order on the juvenile court decision, and were appealing their petition for guardianship.

A Good Home. The Czech press headlined Vlasta's setback and for three days blasted away about the "kidnapping." Then the Czech government apparently decided to cool the publicity and generate some diplomatic heat instead, even though the State Department is powerless to intervene, or even comment, while the case is in a U.S. court. If the court ruled against Vlasta, a Czech Foreign Ministry official warned, "Czech-American relations will be disturbed for a long time to come." The Czechs also say that they are prepared to put pretty Vlasta, 31, on display at a press conference if the children are not returned.

Vlasta, however, is anxious to keep politics and propaganda out of the



ANNAPOLIS NOMINEE VALERIE SCHOEN
400 miles of canoeing.

THE NATION

case. She has adamantly refused to see Czech journalists or pose for photographs. "This is a private matter," she told *TIME* Correspondent Strobe Talbott. "I just want my children to come back home and live with their mother. I can give them love and a good home." Indeed, the home to which the children would return seems secure and wholesome. Vlasta, a component designer for a construction company, and her second husband, who is working his way through catering school, share with her parents a comfortable six-room stucco house overlooking the Elbe River valley. She is a churchgoing Catholic, and the family is well off by Czech standards.

Meanwhile, the debate over the children has grown emotionally supercharged. The story is circulating in Yucapca that just before he died, Gabriel told several people that he was a political prisoner and was being used



VLASTA & BEDRICH GABRIEL IN YUCAIPA
Something of a cause célèbre.

as a human guinea pig in a Czech cancer-research center prior to escaping—events that Vlasta hotly denies and indeed seem unlikely. Last November the children appeared on an NBC television news program expressing their wish not to go back to the place where "they put daddy in prison because he believed in God." That appeal generated considerable response from the people of Yucapca, who have so far contributed \$2,500 to a legal defense fund.

Vlasta now is agonizing over whether to fly to California to attend next week's guardianship hearing. She is torn between her desire to be on hand, and her inability to handle the expense involved. Vlasta says that she still does not understand how there could be any question of whether her children should live with her. "At first I thought of course the American courts would return my children to me, that justice would prevail, but now I'm not so sure any more."

Toward a Better Presidential

POLITICS is a monster in the land; it is bigger, louder, more expensive than ever, even if the latest campaign-spending-limitation bill becomes law. It is airplanes, polls and delegate counts. It is cocktail parties, TV cameras and ghostwriters. The campaign of '72 just might expend more national energy and resources than any in history and enlighten the people less.

Right now, about 75% of a presidential campaign is hoopla, manufactured movement and entertainment designed to bedazzle. Substance, and there is some, is largely buried and ignored in the rush of the jets, the bands, rallies and booze. Ensnared in all this tinsel, the candidates come up with ridiculous pledges, like the one about setting foot in all 50 states (Nixon in 1960). That is an exercise in locomotion, not intelligence. Rushing madly along the trail, looking over their shoulders at the pursuers and scared to death of making misstatements in the blur, the men have tended in recent years to grow more and more reluctant to commit themselves on vital issues. Richard Nixon refused in 1968 to divulge any detail of his plan to end the war, the most important issue before the nation.

In this climate, real reform of the process by statute or national party declaration is extremely difficult. Perhaps nothing can be done about it in the vacuum of the primaries, a kind of primitive elimination contest. But after that, the chosen presidential candidates could accomplish genuine reform by radically changing the very nature of American campaigning.

Richard Nixon could attend to his job as President and cut out those frantic jet hops from city to city in the days before the election. They are a dubious form of political evangelism, costing millions of dollars, exhausting President and people alike. They may even be harmful politically. So many major stops are jammed into a day, and a President repeats himself like any other candidate. The merciless and omnipresent eyes and ears of TV often show him at day's end as a repetitive bore.

But even greater progress would be made if the Democratic challenger this year were to renounce the frenzied rituals of campaigning—held over, really, from the days when politics was a major social event. The heaviest burden will fall on him, not on the incumbent President with all the built-in resources for reaching the public and making news that the White House provides. The question is what alternative to the present madness exists for the challenger to grasp. Herewith, free

to the Democrats, a modest proposal:

The man in opposition should set up a shadow White House. From that alternative, potential seat of government, he should use his limited, precious time between nomination and election to actually form a government, discuss and clarify issues and establish a meaningful national dialogue on problems and goals. The model lies in the British experience.

The American electorate has a right both to expect and get definite plans and ideas for dealing with the nation's problems. They should be offered by a challenger who has precise times and schedules for future efforts. It does not happen now partly because the candidate and his men are so busy onstage that there is no time or energy left for reflection. The system is perpetuated more by the politicians than by the people, who, with the aid of a remarkable educational system and television, are ready for more meaningful rites.

Just imagine what would happen if the Democratic candidate were to take his court beyond the miasma of Washington this year, say to Cleveland or St. Louis, and there establish his White House. Rents certainly would be cheaper, the view perhaps clearer. For old time's sake the candidate could still schedule a couple of speeches a week in distant cities, give those hours to the archaic evenings of smoke and oratory, pump the hands of people at the fences and endorse the local candidates. There would remain the need to make the far-off cadres of campaign workers feel as if they were a part of the operation.

But in between these purposefully limited excursions, the candidate could actually designate a Cabinet or at least gather a pool of talented men around him and make it clear that they would be his Cabinet members if the trial period went smoothly. The same could be done for the heads of key agencies and White House staff. The formation of recent Administrations after victory has been a frenzied and sometimes sloppy operation. The President-elect and his people are exhausted, often stunned by winning. Opportunists and party contributors swarm into Washington, smelling the power that has settled on the victor. Rushed beyond belief, the President-elect must too often rely on hearsay and vague recommendations about the men he recruits to guide the Republic for four years.

One disadvantage might be the reluctance of talented men of the party in office (in this case the Republicans) to commit themselves or participate in the new program. Some openings might be

TIME ESSAY

Campaign

left for this desirable "cross-fertilization." Success would ultimately depend, of course, on a true spirit of national interest that would transcend old notions of party loyalty. Beneath some commendable skepticism about why Democrat John Connally joined Nixon's Cabinet is a realization that the country is in an age when party labels have lost a lot of meaning.

It is now estimated that one-fourth of the voters in 1972 will be independents, men and women who have been driven away from their old blind allegiance, by events and common sense.

real programs. A new Administration with an added three months of fruitful work would be way ahead of the game.

Would the nation pay heed to such an opposition encampment? It is inconceivable that the television networks, newspapers and magazines would not assign men to the shadow. There could be one or two press briefings a day, similar to those in the functioning White House. Thus Walter Cronkite could have a film clip on what went on in the aspirant's Administration for his evening newscast. Shadow Cabinet officers could debate their opposite numbers in office, or counter White House claims of benefit or progress.

Intelligence, boldness, cleverness and humaneness would still be required. Not all "show business" would be eliminated. To keep up interest, there would have to be citizens' panels, papers from towering minds in every field. There could be examination on

Staff be on notice that if McGovern inherits the power, he wants the troops, the planes, the men all gone within so many days, and the Chiefs had best be thinking about how to do it.

The myth that only Presidents and their men have all the information and are qualified to make decisive judgments has long ago been shattered. Besides, tradition has established the other candidate's right of access to most inside information during a campaign.

Politicians are far more timid creatures than many like to admit. Dramatic and sensible departures have not been a notable part of their approaches in the past decades. Those who did advocate drastic change were too often mystics or men of such extreme views that a majority of Americans could not take them seriously. Credibility, viability, seriousness of intent and dignity would be required in this venture. But

BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO



The appeal to them of a mature approach to leadership might be politically decisive. If an atmosphere of restraint, mutual respect and gentlemanly (or womanly) debate could be established, the massively obvious advantage of the incumbent would at least be reduced to acceptable proportions.

Then there is the matter of forming a viable and articulate set of national purposes, transforming them into programs and finally legislation. Why not make that part of the campaign too? Summon key Congressmen and leading academicians, industrial technocrats and lay experts in all fields to spend hours and days in open debate on the issues and what should be done. Presumably a White House staff of sorts would take form under this regime, and methods of operation could be tested and perfected. In previous Administrations the pressure of time has led to a slapdash throwing together of programs in the confusion of transition, or to long delays in getting to

film and in text of selected problems, right down to examples: a real small town, for instance, that could be rehabilitated under Hubert Humphrey's rural-redevelopment plans; an actual river that could be cleaned up according to Edmund Muskie's decrees in his long fight to conquer water pollution.

Yes, there would still have to be family scenes and maybe a golf game or two, but always there would be an aura of creative and useful work, not the fuselage salesmanship with hired bands and balloons bought by advance men or those minions of Mayor Richard Daley that are dutifully trotted out with their reusable placards.

There is no rule in politics worth saving that suggests that a candidate in this day cannot make major executive decisions in advance. George McGovern wants to end the war. Let him, should he be the man, put the project down in detail. If elected, he could declare, I will end the war on such and such a date. Let the Joint Chiefs of

it might generate more excitement than can now be measured in a nation that craves reality.

Should it come about, it is conceivable that hundreds of thousands of dollars could be saved in travel expenses and the more monstrous requirements of packaging and selling the candidate on commercial television. Men of means might even be lured to the shadow bivouac at their own expense. More important, the energy of the candidates would be husbanded and expended on meaningful effort. The public would be spared political oversell. The successful challenger presumably would arise on the morning after his election reasonably clear of eye and steady of limb. Within a few hours, he would confirm the designation of his Cabinet and other high officers and then resume polishing his prose and his programs for the day two months away when he would assume the presidential mantle. At that hour he would be an executive off and running.

■ Hugh Sidey

THE BUDGET

Nixon's Surge of Election-Year Spending

"The budget is a superb deflator of rhetoric because it calls to account the open-ended promises heard so often in an election year."

THAT rather righteous statement in Richard Nixon's 1972 budget message may well be correct—as far as it goes. But as the President is well aware, the great gray mass of numbers and charts that is being sent to Congress this week has a rhetoric of its own that is difficult indeed to deflate. Plagued by a painful recession and a limping recovery during the first three years of his Administration, Nixon is determined to get the U.S. economy into the best possible shape by November or earlier. To do so, he has crafted a budget that will virtually mainline huge doses of Government spending into the economy over the next few months.

Until the current fiscal year ends on July 1, Nixon plans to pump about \$1 billion a month more than originally planned into spending programs designed to put money into the pockets of millions of currently unhappy voters. Farmers will get increased crop subsidies; federal workers will receive the maximum pay increases possible under Phase II guidelines; there will be some new jobs for unemployed scientists and engineers. Such openhanded spending marks Nixon's conversion from unsuccessful policies of conservatism and gradualism to the activist, pump-priming Keynesian economic theory, which holds that big Government spending is one of the fastest ways to stimulate the economy. Said a top Nixon adviser: "The President looks on this as an investment in getting the economy moving."

Rocketing Debt. The budgetary stimulus comes at a time when various branches of Government are going all out to push the economy forward. Congress recently did its part by approving Nixon's program of tax reductions, including a 7% tax credit for capital investments and increases in personal income tax exemptions. In the past few weeks, the Federal Reserve Board has been aggressively pouring money into the banking system and pulling down interest rates. Ironically, Nixon's budget may force interest rates up because enormous federal borrowing will be needed to finance a shockingly high deficit.

The deficit will hit \$38.8 billion in fiscal 1972, by far the largest shortfall since World War II. While federal spending will reach a record

\$236.6 billion, revenues will total only \$197.8 billion. By the time Nixon begins campaigning for re-election this summer, the overall federal debt will have skyrocketed by some \$70 billion (to \$456 billion) during his term of office.

Nixon originally estimated this year's deficit at \$11.6 billion; as recently as last September he said that it could be held at \$28 billion. Its sharp rise will reflect the infusions of federal funds that Nixon has decided since then are necessary before July, plus the fact that the Government has revised steadily downward its estimates of the 1971 gross national product, thus cutting the amount of expected tax receipts. The preliminary G.N.P. total: \$1,047 billion, or fully \$18 billion less than the Administration's celebrated prediction a year ago of \$1,065 billion.*

The huge deficit spending will be an embarrassment to Nixon when he campaigns before conservative constituents, and Democrats are already forming plans to make the most of it. Speaking to a Chamber of Commerce meeting in Washington last week, Treasury Secretary John Connally offered an early answer to the expected attack. "No one likes a deficit of \$35

Chief George Shultz is to pull into fiscal 1972 spending that was scheduled for fiscal 1973, reports TIME Correspondent Lawrence Malkin. Then they plan to adhere to a much tighter budget in fiscal '73. That will mean a severe fiscal squeeze in federal programs beginning next July and undoubtedly worsening after the election. Even so, Nixon projects the deficit for fiscal 1973 at a high \$25.5 billion. The continued deficit is largely unavoidable because tax cuts since World War II have gnawed away at the Government's revenues, while built-in increases in veterans' benefits, social security and other welfare payments have forced expenses up. These contending forces are rapidly plunging the nation into a fiscal crisis. The U.S. is running short of money.

A summary of additions to the budget in fiscal '72 and plans for fiscal '73:

WELFARE: In the current fiscal year, state governments will get about \$1 billion in federal welfare funds that had not been expected until July 1, mostly for Aid to Dependent Children. With many state treasuries down to alltime lows, these funds are certain to be spent with haste. For fiscal 1973, the Department of Health, Education and



or \$40 billion," he said, but some 5,000,000 Americans are unemployed. The "political world," he argued, dictated the huge deficit, and he told his businessmen's audience: "You should be applauding it." At least one top Nixon adviser was somewhat less sanguine. "My God," he said, "what's going to happen the next time I go out to address the Orange County Women's Republican Club?"

The tactic of Nixon and Budget

* The reduced G.N.P. estimate for 1971 automatically trims the total that it is expected to reach this year. The Administration's new prediction: \$1,145 billion, a gain of \$98 billion.



SHULTZ (CENTER) AT PRINTING OFFICE
Great gray masses of policies.

Welfare will displace the Pentagon as the largest Government spender. Much of its \$7 billion increase will go for Social Security rises.

DEFENSE: For the rest of this fiscal year, Pentagon spending will be considerably speeded up, with much of the increase going for matériel planned for later delivery. Next year, though Viet Nam spending will continue to decline, much of the long-awaited "peace dividend" will remain firmly in the hands of the Pentagon. Its budget will show a \$900 million increase (to \$75.9 billion) in fiscal 1973. To prepare for the all-volunteer army that Nixon has promised by mid-1973, some of the dividend will be used to raise the pay of armed-forces careerists.

AGRICULTURE: Farm price supports in the current year will leap \$1.8 billion over original estimates to a total of \$4.4 billion, then will decline slightly in 1973 as acreage is taken out of production. Retail food prices will remain high, and farmers' incomes will also rise, helping calm the farm belt revolt that threatens to deny Nixon some of his traditional support.

TECHNOLOGY: In his State of the Union message Nixon proudly described a new program in which the Government will cooperate with private industry in developing a series of ultrahigh-technology projects to "improve our everyday lives." These include new mass transit systems and fire-fighting techniques employing helicopters. Unfortunately, Nixon had more new ideas than new funds: the Government will spend only a modest \$700 million on new civilian research programs in 1973, with another \$800 million going to military research.

The President is rightly determined that his budget provide generous fuel supplies for an economy that finally seems to be producing more heat.

There is more growth and less inflation than in a long time. The fourth-quarter G.N.P. in 1971 rose at the exceptionally brisk annual rate of 6.1%. Herbert Stein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, strongly urged the President to keep a heavy foot on the gas pedal for the next six months, and the deficit he damned. Nixon clearly agreed.

The trouble is that the President is just as determined to ease up drastically after that period, producing what economists call a "stop-go"—or in this case, go-stop—fiscal program. In a fragile economy like the present one, every jolt caused by new stops or starts is an added risk. Nixon might have been better advised, election year or not, to even out new expenditures and spread them over a longer period. Indeed he may yet be forced to do just that. The sheer red tape of federal bookkeeping, check writing and the like may make it virtually impossible to push spending as high and as fast as Nixon wants. In that case Candidate Nixon could claim that he was able to "hold down" the final deficit for this expensive year.

BALANCE OF PAYMENTS

And \$31 Billion Down

The nation is also struggling with a huge deficit in its dealings with the rest of the world. As reported by Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. last week, the U.S. balance of payments deficit probably hit a staggering \$31 billion last year—nearly three times greater than the 1970 deficit and far more than anyone had anticipated. The payments gap in the fourth quarter alone was \$6.7 billion on an official settlement basis. That was below the \$12 billion imbalance in the previous three months but higher than first-half averages.

Biggest contributors to the record high deficit were banks, which repaid many of their debts to foreign creditors, and multinational companies, which bought foreign money with U.S. currency as a hedge against dollar devaluation. Morgan Guaranty estimates that these short-term capital outflows came to \$20 billion. Investments abroad by U.S. firms, and other long-term capital outflows, added to the deficit. Payments were also unbalanced by the first U.S. trade deficit in this century—almost \$2.5 billion v. a surplus of \$2.1 billion in 1970.

The bank forecasts a moderate improvement in the overall payments balance in 1972 but does not expect the nation's export-import picture to be much brighter. One reason: the U.S. economy is expanding and will demand more imports, but Europe and Japan are slowing down and will hold back on buying from the U.S.

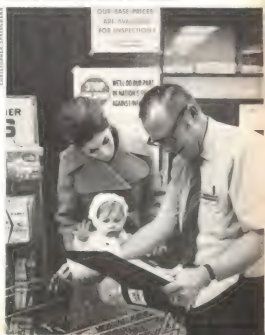
PHASE II

Progress in Prices

President Nixon's advisers had warned that prices might well show a "bulge" in December, the first full month after the freeze was over. They were right. For wholesale prices, the increase turned out to be .7%—a sharp rise but still less than the one that "I had been prepared to defend," said Chief Presidential Economist Herbert Stein. When the consumer price index for December was released last week, Stein still felt comfortable. The nation's basic cost-of-living measure rose .4%. Though high for a month, it showed that inflationary pressure pnt up during the freeze was less than expected. Moreover the rise in consumer prices for all of 1971 was 3.4%—lower than in any year since 1967, when the increase was 2.9%.

Meanwhile, in enforcing Phase II rules, the Government wisely exempted from controls retail merchants who have less than \$100,000 in annual sales and landlords who own fewer than four rental units. The stores freed from controls ring up only about 15% of total retail sales. By not dissipating its efforts policing small entrepreneurs, the Government can more effectively concentrate on the large companies and unions that basically determine what is charged for goods and labor. After stores with less than \$200,000 in annual sales were freed in mid-January from posting base-price information, it finally became feasible for the Internal Revenue Service to start checking compliance among medium- and large-size firms. Results were not encouraging. In the first week of policing, IRS agents found that 15% had failed to hang signs telling customers where base-price lists could be found.

SHOPPER CHECKS LIST IN SAN FRANCISCO



THE WAR

Waiting for Another Tet

It is mid-February. Shortly before President Nixon flies off on his historic visit to China, all hell suddenly breaks loose in South Viet Nam. From the DMZ to the Delta, North Vietnamese troops raid towns, rocket cities, throw Saigon's forces into confusion. In the vulnerable Central Highlands, the Communists capture the inland city of Kontum and then sweep on to the seacoast, slicing the country in two.

The fighting crackles on for days. The jittery Laotian government starts negotiations with the Communists and withdraws the 1963 "request" that permits the U.S. to bomb the North Vietnamese infiltration routes in Laos. In the U.S., public opinion is electrified by a series of shocking South Vietnamese defeats. The doves of the Senate take wing once again. Half a dozen Democratic presidential aspirants declare Vietnamization a farce, demand an immediate U.S. pullout, and gleefully await the President's humiliation in the primaries.

MOST U.S. military men would insist that such a scenario is Hanoi's wildest dream, not Washington's probable nightmare. But almost overnight, the battlefield situation in Indochina has quickened to the point where the Administration is reminding people that there is still a war going on. In Saigon last week, Ambassador

Ellsworth Bunker flatly warned a group of businessmen to expect "heavy fighting before long." In Washington, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird recently said that the Communists have "advertised no other offensive in Viet Nam." The White House has been encouraging such forecasts of trouble, for obvious reasons. Richard Nixon is taking no chances that the U.S. public will be surprised by a bloody flare-up in South Viet Nam—as it was, with fatal consequences for the Johnson Administration, in the Tet offensive of February 1968.

The Laotian situation has already turned ominous; last week, as enemy forces cut the road between Vientiane and Luang Prabang, the royal capital, Premier Souvanna Phouma was reported to be wondering gloomily whether "we'll have to give up." But when would the predicted offensive begin in South Viet Nam, which remains Hanoi's main objective? There is some speculation that the Communist troops poised along the country's borders may not move for months, preferring to psych Saigon with what the military calls a "credible threat" rather than risk heavy casualties in an open fight. But most of the experts predict trouble for next month—specifically, around Feb. 15, the beginning of the three-day Tet lunar New Year celebration. Says Lieut. Colonel Robert

Brownlee, a U.S. adviser attached to a South Vietnamese regiment in the Central Highlands: "The enemy's got a new goddamn division and three good regiments across the border in this area, and Tet is coming and Nixon's going to Peking. If I were a Communist political commander I'd say screw the casualties and hit 'em."

For some time, Hanoi has been making meticulous preparations to do just that. Four North Vietnamese divisions are stationed along South Viet Nam's northern borders within easy reach of newly built roads running into the country across the Laotian border and through the Demilitarized Zone. Hanoi's crack 320th Division has been spotted moving south, along with some 50 tanks, toward South Viet Nam's weak Military Region II (the Central Highlands), where the main Communist thrust is expected. Already, three North Vietnamese regiments are grouped in Binh Dinh province, which is rated as the least secure of the country's 44 provinces. There General Ngo Dzu, the area commander, expects the Communists to attempt "popular uprisings" in the style of Tet 1968.

Classic Defense. Militarily, Saigon has been drawing its forces into a classic defense: main-force units and ranger battalions on the border, less reliable auxiliaries around the cities and towns. More than 10,000 South Vietnamese troops last week began scouring the border areas northwest of Saigon for signs of three North Vietnamese divisions known to be poised just inside Cambodia. Meanwhile, the air war continues. B-52 bombers have been striking Communist concentrations in the Highlands. Over North Viet Nam, a U.S. F-4 Phantom jet accounted for the first "kill" of an enemy MIG-21 in 22 months, but Communist gunners also downed two American F-4s—bringing to 13 the total of planes lost since mid-December.

How much trouble could the Communists cause in South Viet Nam? The U.S. command believes that any offensive will fail, partly because the Viet Cong structure is currently so weak that the North Vietnamese army will be fighting virtually alone. American military experts also concede, though, that the NVA could wreak some "spectaculars," including the seizure of some towns. Even Defense Secretary Laird, who claims 100% confidence in Vietnamization, predicts only that Saigon's troops will win 75% of its battles.

A more important question is why the Communists would want to attack in 1972, instead of waiting a year for U.S. withdrawal to run its course. An offensive timed to the President's Peking visit would clearly be a signal

SOUTH VIETNAMESE TROOPS IN SAIGON'S CHOLON SECTION IN FEBRUARY 1968



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ARTHUR GODFREY

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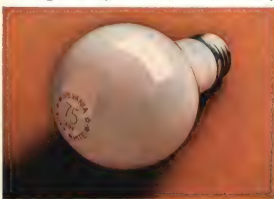
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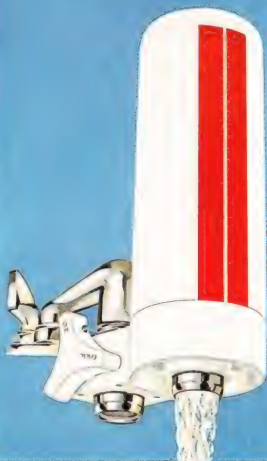
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from Hanoi that it will not tolerate any possible deal on Viet Nam cooked up by the U.S. and China. Beyond that, some Pentagon officials are convinced that the Communists want the psychological benefit of a "visible victory." According to this theory, Hanoi and the Viet Cong have decided not to settle for a unilateral American withdrawal, which the world might interpret as simply a political decision made by the White House. Instead, the Communists want a tangible triumph, à la Dienbienphu, which they can hold up as their own.

Still another theory is that the North Vietnamese have simply miscalculated the state of American feeling about the war. Recent foreign visitors to Hanoi have been surprised by the attitudes of North Vietnamese leaders, who seem to be convinced that the same antiwar genie that toppled Lyndon Johnson in 1968 can be rubbed back to life and turned against Richard Nixon this year. That suggests that, much as the U.S. misread the North Vietnamese when the massive American intervention in Indochina began, the North Vietnamese may now be misreading the U.S.

COMMON MARKET

Road to Brussels

It was to have been Edward Heath's big moment. Britain's Prime Minister and the Premiers of Ireland, Denmark and Norway had just arrived in Brussels' Palais d'Égmont to sign a Treaty of Accession to the European Common Market, thus officially marking the end of 18 months of tough negotiations. The occasion, the next-to-last formal step before the four nations become full members of the Common Market next Jan. 1—if all goes according to schedule—was being carried live on Eurovision. Then, just as Heath walked through the Palais doors, a blonde woman stepped out of a group of photographers and threw a canister of black printing ink in his face.

The incident delayed the signing ceremony for only 50 minutes; it turned out that the woman, a 31-year-old psychologist named Karen Cooper, was protesting the government's handling of an urban renewal project in London's historic Covent Garden market. Not Britain's joining the Common Market. But on a day devoted to symbolic ceremony, the affair could be viewed as an unhappy omen of the sort of political accident that can still upset the plans of Britain and its partners on their way to market in Europe.

Each of the four heads of government must win approval for the treaty at home before the documents signed in Brussels last week take ef-

fect. That will be no easy task, as Norway's Trygve Bratteli cautioned: "The distance must not be too great between vision and reality. It is of little use to find solutions in Brussels to common problems if we do not succeed in convincing our peoples that the common goals are also theirs."

The wisdom of Bratteli's observation was evident in counter-ceremonies staged last week in Ireland and Norway. In Dublin, all the ghosts of Irish nationalism are being dragged out by the anti-Marketters ("Manholt, the second Cromwell" reads one slogan, a reference to Sico Manholt, Dutch author of the Manholt Plan to halve the number of Europe's agricultural workers by 1980). While the ceremonies were going on in Brussels, Dublin demonstrators read out a declaration of allegiance to the 1916 proclamation of the Irish Republic. In Oslo,

that will define the terms of membership. Playing on Britons' fears of losing their sovereignty to faceless Eurocrats and of having to conform to continental laws, three Labor M.P.s last week lugged into the Commons three huge bundles of documents to demonstrate the size of the 42-volume mass of current EEC laws and regulations. Even so, Heath's Tory government won a mandate for signature by a 21-vote margin. That was considerably less than the 112-vote majority that last fall favored the principle of membership; it was enough to indicate that Heath's legislation can probably survive major parliamentary tests.

► In Ireland, EEC membership hinges on a constitutional amendment that must be approved by referendum, probably in April. Ireland would gain immensely from membership—particularly the country's beef producers, who



KAREN COOPER THROWING INK AT HEATH

Unhappy omen of political accidents on a day of symbolic ceremony.



SPATTERED PRIME MINISTER & ATTACKER

anti-Marketters staged a torchlight parade through the city's snow-covered streets and almost mobbed Bratteli at the airport as he left for Brussels. And in Brussels itself, 50 Britons demonstrated against the Market, with signs reading NON, NEIN, NO.

The odds are that each country will eventually vote to join the Common Market, and that Europe's Six will become the Ten on schedule. But the odds are not long, and whether the treaty will be ratified is still a betting proposition. Each government faces a different set of political and constitutional hurdles. A brief survey:

► In Britain, the opposition Labor Party raised a howl last week because the treaties signed in Brussels by Heath had not first been presented to Parliament. The issue was a spurious one, since the agreements will not take effect until Parliament votes approval. But the protest was a token of the opposition's serious intent to fight "clause by clause and line by line," as Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson puts it, the legislation

are blessed with the best grazing land in Europe and now will benefit from higher EEC prices. The Dublin government predicts that if Ireland joins the EEC, farm-family incomes will double within five years, the country's growth rate will rise from 3% to 5%, and 50,000 new jobs will be created. In spite of that prospect, some Irishmen see a threat to small landholdings in the EEC's program of farm consolidation. They also worry that higher prices for farm products will bring a rush of foreigners to buy up the Irish countryside and fret over a possible loss of Irish neutrality.

The government may gather a majority in favor of membership on the bread-and-butter benefits alone, but the vote is likely to be close.

► In Denmark, the final decision will also rest with the voters, in a referendum that will probably be held next summer. The Danes can hardly afford to stay out if Britain, their best customer for butter, bacon and cheese, joins their second best customer, the Common Market. Nonetheless, they

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—like the Irish—worry that membership will spur land speculation by foreigners. Latest straw polls show a narrow margin of 37% of voters in favor of joining and 31% opposed, but Premier Jens Otto Krag counts on increasing the pro-Market vote before the referendum is held. In Brussels, Copenhagen managed to negotiate special arrangements for Danish-owned Greenland and for the Faroe Islands, an autonomous outpost under the Danish crown that lies some 300 miles south of the Arctic Circle. The 38,000 Faroese will have three years to gauge the effect of Denmark's entry into the EEC before making up their minds on membership or independence.

► In Norway, the final decision will be made by the Storting (Parliament), and 75% of its 150 members must approve the step—meaning that a negative vote by only 38 M.P.s can keep Norway out. Anti-Market groups last week claimed that they had that many M.P.s on their side. However, since both major parties are in favor of joining, as well as most newspapers and businesses, opinion may well swing some of the anti-Market M.P.s to the pro side. Norwegian worries focus on a Common Market rule that the waters of any member are open to the fishermen of all. That poses a direct economic threat to the farmer-fishermen of Norway's rich northern fjords and coastal waters. In Brussels, Norwegian negotiators demanded a permanent twelve-mile fishing limit, but finally settled for a ten-year guarantee of exclusive fishing rights along some parts of the coast, a provision that will be subject to review by the EEC after 1982.

Probably the most powerful reason for any of the four nations to vote yes is a negative one: the prospect of isolation and economic decline if they remain outside the Common Market. But despite the euphoric words spoken in Brussels last week, it is clear that several statesmen will have to do some persuasive marketing of arguments at home in the next few months if the Six are indeed to become the Ten.

EGYPT

Fog over Suez

For the first time since he inherited Gamal Abdel Nasser's mantle as President of Egypt and leader of the Arab world, Anwar Sadat last week was subjected to massive public criticism by his fellow countrymen. At the vast (64,000 enrollment) University of Cairo, more than 6,000 angry undergraduates jammed into the school's auditorium, hoisted placards reading *WE MUST FIGHT*, and vowed to carry on the protest until Sadat showed up to answer their questions about foreign policy—particularly, the course of the war with Israel.

The students had been provoked by a massive reshuffle of the Egyptian Cabinet, which appeared to them to beg the issues, and a heavily publicized television speech by Sadat in which he ineptly explained away his repeated promise that 1971 would be Egypt's "year of decision." It would have been, Sadat said lamely, except that the India-Pakistan war "drew the attention of the entire world and became a battle of the big powers, affecting our battle" and preventing him from going to war.

Sadat went on to draw a ludicrous analogy between his bad luck and that of his predecessor ("May God rest his soul") in 1967. A month after the end of the Six-Day War, said Sadat, an Israeli armored brigade was sighted edging up to the

ernment's waste, political inaction and willingness to let American oil companies operate in Egypt even as the U.S. delivers additional Phantom jets to Israel.

By themselves, the students could not sway or topple an Egyptian government: Sadat sarcastically retorted to their demands for war by suggesting that they all join the army. But the President was also aware that the protesters were symptomatic of national frustration after nearly five years of no war, no peace, and that other Egyptians were having the same sort of doubts.

Obviously the restlessness would not be satisfied by anything so illusory as a Cabinet shift. A few days before his speech, Sadat had pushed aside such eminent old guardsmen as Premier Mahmoud Fawzi, 71, who took the honorific post of vice president, and Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad, 55, who was named a foreign affairs adviser. The incoming Cabinet is composed of bright young technocrats with few ties back to Nasser and little political strength of their own. "Some are pro-this and some are pro-that," said an Israeli scrutinizing the list of new appointees. "The only thing that makes them alike is that they are all pro-Sadat."

Rosy Estimates. That description certainly fits new Premier Aziz Sidky, 51, who was the first Cabinet member to declare loyalty to Sadat last May after the President uncovered a plot to overthrow him. A graduate of Cairo U., the University of Oregon and Harvard, Sidky was elevated from Minister of Industry, a post in which he supervised the start-up of the Helwan Iron & Steel works and the Nasr auto works and often gave suspiciously rosy estimates of Egyptian productivity. As Premier he will concentrate on domestic affairs while Sadat reserves defense matters and foreign policy for himself.

In that capacity, Sadat's earliest decision must be what to do in the matter of negotiations with Israel, either through United Nations Mediator Gunnar Jarring or through the U.S.-proposed "hotel talks" (TIME, Dec. 13) involving an interim agreement to reopen the Suez Canal. Sadat is disillusioned about the U.S. role in the Middle East, but he still wants to negotiate; one reason Riad was replaced by former Ambassador to Moscow Murad Ghaleb, 50, is that he had become inflexibly hard-lining about the value of interim negotiations. Sadat may lose popular support if he negotiates without results; if on the other hand he fights, as the students demand, he will undoubtedly be beaten. If he chooses neither course, he will be criticized as a do-nothing. That could also be dangerous. Cynics noted last week that as Premier, the ambitious Sidky is now a potential successor to Sadat as President.



SADAT DELIVERING "FOG SPEECH"
Frustrations of no war, no peace.

Suez Canal in what looked like an attempt to cross it. Nasser ordered Egyptian bombers to crush the supposed attack. "Unfortunately," Sadat explained, "they were unable to spot their targets because of fog that had gathered over the whole area. The fog spoiled everything."

Even the most gullible of Egyptians found that hard to swallow; seldom if ever has the Suez had any fog in the blistering month of July, when the otherwise unrecorded incident supposedly took place. Round the capital, Sadat's TV appearance quickly became known as the "Fog Speech." Three days after it was delivered, a professor at the Ein Shams University in suburban Heliopolis sarcastically lectured at a student meeting about "Fog over Egypt." Hundreds of Ein Shams' 38,000 students rapidly took part in teach-ins. Before long, protests spread across town to Cairo University, where vocal students criticized the gov-

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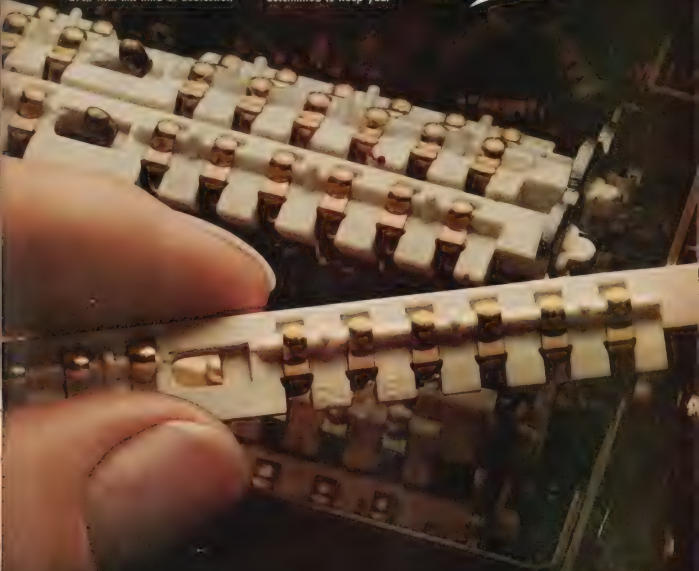
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RHODESIA

Rampage of Protest

The black population of Rhodesia has been conspicuously silent since 1965, when the territory's white-minority government unilaterally decided to break away from British rule. Last week the blacks—whom Rhodesia's Prime Minister Ian Smith has called "the happiest Africans in the world"—went on a rampage. For three consecutive nights more than 8,000 angry Africans rioted in Gwelo, Rhodesia's fourth largest city, burning buildings and hurling stones at white-owned cars. The trouble spread to Salisbury's Harare township and to Bulawayo, Fort Victoria and Umtali, where eight blacks were killed by police gunfire. By

black opposition to the proposed settlement. The council's efforts were so successful that the commission hardly managed to talk to a single large African audience last week.

The commission was also frustrated by the tactics of the Smith government, which had agreed to its presence but tried to limit its effectiveness. Smith refused to allow the commission to take a vote among the blacks. He also forbade public meetings to discuss the proposals in the tribal trust areas where most blacks live, and refused to permit a meeting between the commission and long-imprisoned African Leader Ndanangini Sithole.

After the start of rioting, the government arrested more than 200 Africans on various charges. It also picked up Garfield Todd, the widely respected

GHANA

A Week-Old Baby

Those shrewd, buxom pillars of Ghanaian commerce, the market mamies, turned out by the thousands last week to celebrate the sudden, bloodless coup that had deposed the civilian government of Prime Minister Kofi Busia. Their faces powdered white with talcum and wood ash, the women carried placards supporting the military junta headed by Colonel Ignatius Acheampong and urging the execution of his enemies. One angry sign read CRUCIFY AFRICA, referring to General Kwasi Akrifa, a hero of the 1966 coup against Kwame Nkrumah who is now in prison, accused by the new government of trying to assassinate Acheampong and restore Busia to power.

The euphoric mob reaction was understandable. Since his election in 1969, Busia had gradually lost popularity by imposing harsh fiscal measures—including a 48% currency devaluation last month—to rescue an economy still reeling from the extravagances of the Nkrumah era. The real question now, however, was whether Acheampong would be able to handle the economy as well. Even while calling upon Ghanaians to "sweat" and sacrifice, he increased the pay of lower-ranking civil servants and lowered basic food prices to their pre-devaluation levels with the help of a huge government subsidy.

Flexing Muscles. In the long run, such grandstanding gestures will only result in an intensification of Colonel Acheampong's economic problems. In London, the deposed Busia claimed that the coup had cost Ghana a \$45 million loan from the U.S. and \$123 million in loans and credits from the International Monetary Fund. "Without the massive overseas aid I had marshalled," said Busia, "the country is utterly bankrupt."

Colonel Acheampong could hardly disagree with Busia's diagnosis. "I took over to save Ghana from total economic collapse," he told TIME Correspondent Eric Robins. But he brushed aside all specific questions about the country's huge foreign debt of more than \$1 billion, its steep inflation and high unemployment. "Economic experts have been given these matters to study," he said. "We will then decide what to do. There will be no hasty decisions, but at the right time we will act decisively."

Describing his government as a "week-old baby that is beginning to flex its muscles," Acheampong spoke almost plaintively about the problems ahead. "Yes," he sighed, "I know it's going to be a herculean job against fearful odds, but with the help of Almighty God, I will prevail." As he rightly suggested, he is going to need all the help he can get.



AFRICAN YOUTHS BURNING CHAIRS DURING RIOTS IN RHODESIAN CITY OF GWELO
Despite a misleading silence, not the happiest in the world.

week's end 18 persons were dead (including two white helicopter crewmen) and at least 80 wounded.

The rioting was the black population's response to Britain's 20-man Pearce Commission, which had arrived in Rhodesia a few days earlier. The task of the commission, which was headed by Lord Pearce, a retired appellate judge, was to assess whether the Rhodesian people, both black and white, would accept or reject the settlement that had been proposed by Smith and British Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home (TIME, Dec. 6). In theory at least, the settlement would lead to a very gradual increase in black political power.

At the first news of the commission's visit, a group of blacks—some of whom had only recently been released from detention—formed a new organization called the African National Council, which was aimed at uniting

former Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, and his daughter Judith, 29, and imprisoned them under the preventive-detention law. Their only offense appeared to have been their outspoken opposition to the proposed settlement.

Dream's End. The week's events were acutely embarrassing to the British government. As Britain's M.P.s know, the failure of the Pearce Commission to complete its eight-week survey in Rhodesia will surely spell an end to the Tory government's dream of a relatively painless settlement with Rhodesia.

Perhaps an even more important element, in the long run, is the fact that the long-dormant and virtually powerless Africans had stood up en masse and confronted the government, and had done so with minimal organization. If the blacks begin to stand up to it, how long can Smith's white-supremacy government hold out?



SOVIET SPY SHIP BREACHES RULES OF THE SEA AS IT CUTS OFF U.S. DESTROYER IN RACE FOR DEBRIS FROM MISSILE LAUNCH

SOVIET UNION

Reaching for Supremacy at Sea

SINCE early in 1970, U.S. intelligence experts have been particularly interested in satellite photos of a ship with an exceptionally long keel being constructed at the big Soviet naval shipyard in the Black Sea port of Nikolayev. In recent months, as the hull began to take shape, the photos disclosed a number of significant details—large shafts for elevators, huge fuel tanks, a flattop deck. Last week some Defense Department experts were finally willing to make a striking prediction: the Soviet navy, which for years scorned U.S. attack carriers as "floating coffins" and "sitting ducks," is now building one of its own.

The Pentagon's leak about the mysterious ship at Nikolayev was obviously timed to coincide with President Nixon's request for more defense funds. It is possible that the vessel, which is about half complete, may turn out to be a tanker or a big cargo freighter. But some Allied naval experts are already willing to bet that the Pentagon is right, and that the ship really is Russia's first attack carrier (it already has two cruiser-sized helicopter carriers). If so, the decision to build an attack carrier represents a dramatic and fundamental shift in Moscow's naval strategy, with profound consequences for the rest of the world. "It changes the whole ball game," says retired U.S. Commander Robert Waring Herrick, a onetime naval attaché in Moscow who wrote the authoritative book, *Soviet Naval Strategy*. "It could be an event of historical significance that would change the entire mission of the Soviet navy."

Throughout its rapid buildup during the past decade, that navy has remained basically a defensive force. Its chief military mission has been to deny the U.S. unrestricted freedom of the seas, especially in waters within Polaris-missile range of the Soviet Union, and to limit U.S. options for inter-

vention in areas where the Soviets also have an interest. A decision to build attack carriers, however, would shift the capabilities of the navy from defense to offense. It would show that the Kremlin is determined to extend its own global reach by equipping its navy with seagoing airpower that could contest the U.S.'s dominance at sea. That could open a potentially sharper and more perilous era of competition between the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

Alarming Role. Even without a carrier force, the psychological and political impact of the Soviet navy is far greater than its actual power and potential would warrant. In terms of firepower and megatonnage, the other Russian services are more awesome. Moscow's arsenal of 1,510 nuclear-tipped ICBMs, which outnumber the U.S.'s Minutemen by 3 to 2, remains the major Russian strategic threat. Its superbly equipped army (2,000,000) is still the biggest worry to the U.S. and its NATO allies in Europe. Russian airpower, which is continually probing the air defenses of Western Europe and the U.S. (Britain alone made 300 intercepts of Red bombers last year), is developing at a rapid and alarming rate.

On the world scene, though, the Red fleet is the most dramatic and assertive manifestation of Russian will and determination to make its presence felt. Russian men-of-war are far more visible symbols of national power than the barely visible contrails of a high-flying jet bomber or the remote exploits of a spacelighter. Though the U.S. Navy still holds a sizable edge over the Soviets in firepower, technological prowess and mobility, the Russians have cleverly managed to project an image of rapidly shifting balance of naval power that has had a sizable impact on much of the world. Brigadier Kenneth Hunt, the deputy director of London's International In-

stitute for Strategic Studies, jokingly taunts American friends by saying, "Remember, you still have the second most powerful navy in the world."

Moscow's naval buildup began in 1961 as a response to the U.S. decision to deploy its Polaris subs within missile range of major Russian targets. It gained considerable momentum after the Cuban missile crisis: the performance of the U.S. Navy convinced the Russians of the political and diplomatic value of seapower. Under the brilliant leadership of Admiral Sergei Gorshkov (TIME Cover, Feb. 23, 1968), the Soviet navy has been able to apply pressure on points that would cause the U.S. the most political discomfort. In less than a decade, for instance, it has started a sweeping pincers maneuver to outflank NATO on both its southern and northern sectors. With Russian warships in the North Atlantic outnumbering those of NATO by a 6 to 1 margin, Denmark and Norway are understandably anxious about continued membership in an alliance that in times of war could hardly be expected to effectively protect them. In the Mediterranean, Moscow's armada now outnumbers the powerful U.S. Sixth Fleet, 61 ships to 40. Not only are Turkey, Greece and Italy uneasy, but Yugoslavia is worried that in the event of a new outbreak of fighting in the Middle East, the Russians might try to seize one of its ports on the Adriatic as a base. The strategic value of Yugoslavia as a naval outlet, for the Mediterranean heightens the temptation for the Russians to intervene in that country's affairs in the uncertain situation that may well follow Tito's resignation or death.

Russian warships are frequently at anchor in Egyptian and Syrian ports, in part to inhibit Israel from making air attacks. The Russians are building huge new naval facilities on the Egyp-

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tian coast midway between Alexandria and the Libyan border. In the event of a new Middle East war, the Soviet fleet might try to blockade Israel, cutting it off from possible help from the West—even though such an act could mean a confrontation with the Sixth Fleet. Moscow justifies its looming presence in the eastern Mediterranean as a sign of its determination to protect the developing nations from imperialist machinations. Admiral Gorshkov has declared that "the protection of the fraternal and peace-loving peoples of the Arab world is a sacred mission of the Soviet navy."

At the Doorstep. In Washington's eyes, a recent ominous development in the Kremlin's naval strategy has been the increase in the number of its ships in the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. Defense and State Department officials believe that sooner or later India, in return for support during the Indo-Pakistani war, will allow the Russians to construct port facilities on its territory, as Egypt has done. (The Indians, who are intensely proud of their own muscular little navy, have persistently denied any such deal.) As a response to the expanding Soviet presence, the U.S. announced that units of the Pacific-based Seventh Fleet would make more frequent patrols of the Indian Ocean. That decision worries the Japanese, who fear that the Seventh Fleet may eventually be lured away from its role as part of Japan's defense. In addition, the Jap-

anese fear that the growth of Soviet naval presence near the Chinese mainland will spur Peking into building up its own navy, and thus trap Japan between two naval powers hostile to each other.

The most audacious challenge is taking place almost literally on America's own doorstep. Five new Russian subs are now stationed off the U.S.'s East and West Coasts, their nuclear missiles aimed at American targets. During the past two years, Soviet task forces, in conjunction with Cuban naval units, have conducted antisubmarine exercises in the Gulf of Mexico, cruising at times to within 30 miles of the U.S. coastline.

The Nixon Administration insists that this naval presence in Cuba is not permanent. But U.S. Navy commanders in the Caribbean believe that the fleet will stay. The Russians have built a modern logistics base at Cienfuegos on Cuba's south coast that includes three large docks, a deepwater anchorage, repair facilities and, interestingly, a radio tower for communicating with subs. Russian fishing ships, merchantmen and oceanic research vessels operate from other Cuban ports. "In the 1970s," predicts Robert A. Kilmarx of Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies, "we may expect to see a Soviet naval presence in the Caribbean comparable to that which the Soviet Union now deploys in the Mediterranean."

Fast and Young. In its style and purposefulness, Soviet naval expansion might almost have been inspired by the prophetic writings of the American naval strategist Alfred Thayer Mahan (1840-1914), who contended that seapower is essential to a nation's economic well-being and political prestige. Russia's new approach to the sea, moreover, is not limited to building warships. Its merchant fleet is now even with the U.S. in tonnage. Its fishing fleet, which is three times as large as second-place Japan's, provides one-fifth of the country's protein supply.

The Soviets have also built up an oceanic research fleet of 200 ships—larger than the combined research fleets of all other maritime powers. In nearly every major body of water, their sea scientists are plumbing the depths for data on currents, water temperature and the sea bed that are vital to fishermen and submariners alike. Although responsible to different chains of command, the commercial and armed navies often work in tandem. A visit to a neutral port by a Russian freighter, for instance, may be followed by a request for docking privileges by a trawler fleet—then by the flag-showing appearance of a rakish, gray-hulled missile cruiser.

Russia's navy is divided into four geographically grouped fleets—the Baltic, the Northern, the Black Sea and the Pacific—of 270 to 350 vessels each. It

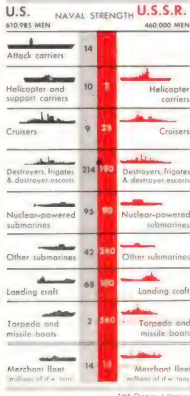


ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET GORSHKOV

is second in overall size only to that of the U.S., and in some categories of ships, it is far-ahead (see chart). In general the Russian ships—which range in size from swift 83.7-ft. *Komar* missile boats to the 19,200-ton *Sverdlov* cruisers, no longer in production—are faster and younger than the U.S.'s (an average of about eight years, v. about 18 for American ships).

Fleet for the '80s. The Soviets are developing great momentum. At present, they are outbuilding the U.S. in naval vessels by the impressive ratio of 8 to 1. In addition, major Polish and East German builders are producing merchant ships for Russia, and the Soviets have ordered others from foreign yards from Japan to The Netherlands. In the front-line, high-sea naval squadrons, some classes of ship are being replaced by more advanced designs after only eight years of operational duty. The *Kresta II* cruisers (see picture box, next page), whose design is much admired by U.S. naval architects, will apparently be replaced in the near future by the smaller, cheaper but more heavily armed *Krivak* destroyers. "The Soviets," says British Military Expert John Erickson, "are building a fleet for the '80s."

That fleet will certainly include a powerful armada of nuclear-powered, missile-carrying submarines. Currently the Russians' most potent undersea weapon is the Y-class sub, called Yankee in American navy parlance, which is comparable in size and speed to the U.S. *Polaris*. As Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird will probably disclose in testimony to Congress this week, the Soviets now have in commission or under construction 42 Yankees. They are adding new ones at a present annual rate of twelve a year while the U.S. years ago leveled off its *Polaris* fleet at 41. The Russians are developing a new 3,000-mile undersea missile that would require the construction of an even larger sub. In response to the Soviet buildup, President Nixon last week requested funds from Congress for the start of development of a 5,000-mile undersea missile called UMS (for Undersea



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Long-Range Missile System). Russia's desire to strengthen its position in underwater missile-delivery systems is a major reason for the lack of progress at the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. Meanwhile, the Soviets are engaged in a buildup of hunter-killer submarines, which the Russians regard as the best weapon against the *Polaris* subs.

The emergence of Russia as an ocean superpower has touched off a gigantic global war game on the seas. Sometimes the game is played with a dash of old-style chivalry and locker-room humor. As the rival ships maneuver, often coming within only meters of one another, the commanders exchange congratulatory signals on smart seamanship and derogatory remarks on poor shows. "Gorshkov wouldn't be impressed with that performance," one Sixth Fleet captain recently signaled to his counterpart after a particularly awkward maneuver. Sometimes close is too close, and the warning goes out: "You are interfering with my right of freedom of the seas."

Crucial Factor. Russian ships often cut across the bows of U.S. carriers as they launch and retrieve aircraft, mostly to annoy and distract. But they also come close to learn. As a possible preparation for starting up carrier operations of their own, the Soviets have filmed hours upon hours of U.S. and British carriers in action. Last summer, a Soviet destroyer in the Eastern Mediterranean was rammed and badly damaged by the British carrier that it was watching conduct nighttime landings and takeoffs.



TWIN-JET SUBMARINE HUNTERS LANDING ON DECK OF SOVIET HELICOPTER CARRIER
Projecting an image of a changing balance of power.

In time of peace (or at least of non-war), the most important aspect of the high seas game is surveillance, which could be the crucial factor in victory or defeat if a real war broke out. While the Russians deploy a larger surveillance fleet of trawlers jam-packed with electronic gear, U.S. technology is vastly far ahead of its rival's in the highly sophisticated field of submarine detection. Russian subs are what U.S. Navy men call "clankers"; their "signature"—the distinct and definable rumble of their engines, propeller shafts and other machinery—is noisier than that of U.S. submarines. To the great irritation of the Russians, whose sonar-laden "fishing trawlers" periodically tear up international cables in an effort to find America's undersea lis-

tening devices, the U.S. has crisscrossed parts of the ocean depths with lines of supersensitive acoustic receivers that pick up sub sounds (as well as whale songs, grouper grunts, and shrimp crackles) and flash them to a land-based central computer that can instantly identify the vessel's particular signature.

In addition to the cable systems, which are known as *Sosus* and *Caesar*, the U.S. also tracks submarines with sonar buoys dropped by aircraft and floating robot platforms that maneuver above the ocean surface. Currently under construction, at an initial cost of \$1 billion, is an even more sophisticated system called *SAS* (for Suspended Array System). It consists of a towering triangular frame, its three legs situated ten miles apart, which will rest somewhere in the Atlantic on the abyssal plain, about 16,000 ft. below the surface. *SAS* will take advantage of the oceanic phenomenon that sound travels vast distances horizontally through the ocean's chilled lower layers. With ultra-acute hydrophones, which will be strung along its structure, *SAS* will be able to detect submarine noises in the deeper reaches throughout the entire Atlantic. A similar listening system is planned for the Pacific.

Bird Farms. In the unlikely event of an outbreak of war, which navy would win? Many U.S. Navy men are no longer so cockily confident of America's overwhelming superiority. Says one ranking naval officer: "Take the Mediterranean. If we lost those two bird farms (attack carriers), we would be in big trouble. It would be the 5-in. gun [the U.S. destroyer's basic weapon] against the 300-mile cruise missile. Sure we might beat them. But it is not certain, particularly if we lose the bird farms right off."

Vice Admiral Gerald E. Miller, commander of the Sixth Fleet, is considerably more optimistic. "I'm not running for Gibraltar yet," he says. A "brown shoe" admiral who still wears his pilot's wings, Miller believes that America's air superiority gives his fleet

Soviet Guided-Missile Cruiser-Kresta II class



LADEN with a fearsome array of missiles and electronic gear, the two operational *Kresta II*-class guided-missile cruisers reflect the skill of Soviet naval architects in putting the maximum punch in the smallest package. Equipped to operate without long range air cover, the 6,000-ton *Kresta II* has a crew of 500 and a cruising speed of 33 knots. It carries one pair of surface-to-air missile launchers forward and another aft, each pair with its individual radar-guidance and fire-control unit. Towering atop the *Kres-*

ta II is its big Top Sail surveillance radar, designed to spot enemy ships and planes. One back-to-back search radar unit tracks targets for *Kresta II*'s principal weapons: eight surface-to-surface missiles housed in tubes on either side of the ship's bridge. The missiles reportedly have a range of 150 miles and can carry either conventional or nuclear warheads. On a landing platform aft, the *Kresta II* can accommodate two helicopters, which are used for submarine detection and act as target spotters for missiles.

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a decisive advantage over the larger Russian flotilla. The Sixth Fleet has about 160 A-6 Intruder and Phantom jets stacked aboard its two attack carriers, the *John F. Kennedy* and the *Independence*. Miller's Russian counterpart has only the limited aerial support of fighters and medium bombers at airfields in Egypt.

Test of Will. In the event of war, the Soviet navy would be a prisoner of its geography. Ships that were not already at sea might never get there. With the exception of the Northern Fleet's base at Severomorsk near Murmansk, the principal bases of the other three fleets are located in tactically difficult positions. A few hundred well-placed mines in the Kattegat and the Dardanelles would serve to bottle up both the Baltic and Black Sea fleets. In addition to having shallow and often ice-clogged approaches, the Pacific Fleet headquarters at Vladivostok is located on the Sea of Japan, which has only four narrow straits opening to the Pacific and is relatively easy to keep under surveillance.

The Soviet navy also has some severe shortcomings as an offensive force. In view of its growing global role, Brit-

ain's Erickson regards it as "overstretched." It badly needs air cover at sea and more permanent and developed bases near its new areas of operation. Though it might be able to deliver a powerful first blow, the Russian navy still is basically a one-shot outfit that would be virtually defenseless after it had emptied its quivers of missiles and torpedoes.

Admiral Gorshkov, who has run the navy for 16 years—considerably longer than the other service chiefs—is trying to remedy these shortcomings. Exactly how far the Soviet Union is prepared to go in its quest for dominance of the oceans will become more evident after the mystery ship in Nikolayev is completed. If it is indeed an attack carrier, naval experts would then feel that four to eight more must be in the planning stage if each of the major fleets is to enjoy the protection of seaborne aviation.

Even so, the carriers could not be truly operational until the end of the decade. It would probably take even longer to acquire proficiency in the complex business of running the floating airfields. If the carriers are anything like the ship at Nikolayev, they

are only in the 30,000-ton range. They would be no match for the nuclear-powered 75,700-ton *Enterprise* and the other big U.S. carriers.

Still, the creation of a carrier fleet would be a test of Russia's intentions in decades ahead. The cost of building even one is so enormous and the requirements are so taxing for the already strained Soviet technological capacity that this decision must have ranked in the minds of the Soviet leaders as a crucial and historic choice. Moscow's political strategy holds that the outcome of the struggle between capitalism and Communism will be decided not by a clash between the U.S. and the Soviet Union but by the ability of the respective superpowers to create dissent among their opponent's allies and to exert influence upon the uncommitted nations. Russian policy toward Western Europe and Moscow's treaties with Egypt and India seem to bear out that theory. For the U.S., it would be a stunning irony of the nuclear age if such traditionally old-fashioned objects as naval ships should serve as the force that helped to tip the balance of power away from the world's most technologically advanced nation.

The Sailor's Life

THE life of the average Soviet sailor—at least by comparison with that of his counterpart in the U.S. Navy—is austere, uncomfortable, constrained and boring. Some U.S. experts feel that if American sailors had to live under the same conditions, they would all mutiny.

Despite the sleek, functional modernity of their lines, Soviet ships are not designed for living. Armaments and electronic equipment take up all available space, and 20 Russians must hang their hammocks in quarters that would house ten U.S. sailors. Few Russian ships have air conditioning. Thus vessels on duty in tropical waters are frequently rotated not so much for maintenance as to provide relief for "roasted crews." At the bitterly cold bases of the Northern and Pacific fleets in Murmansk, Vladivostok and the Kamchatka Peninsula, crews spend uncomfortable winters ashore in badly heated, uninsulated barracks.

Nonetheless, Soviet sailors are among the elite of Russia's armed services, ranking in prestige with the men of the missile forces. Although there are periodic shortages of staple foods in Russia, sailors have a plentiful but monotonous diet of borsch, meat, potatoes, bread, butter and tea, supplemented by vitamin pills to make up for the absence of fresh fruit and vegetables.

The base pay of a seaman is six rubles per month (about \$7). Sailors on duty at northern bases get an additional two rubles per month, and base pay is doubled for submarine crews. A specialist, like a sonar technician, earns about \$10 per month, a chief warrant officer about \$55, a lieutenant \$65 and a captain \$135, which is doubled if he commands a ship. There are enormous differences between the life-styles and privileges of the various ranks. Officers above the rank of commander, for instance, are provided with housing near bases for their families; enlisted sailors—mostly three-year conscripts who quit the service for jobs at home when their enforced tours are ended—get neither a housing nor a living allowance for their families.

Unlike most of their countrymen, the sailors get a



RUSSIAN SEAMEN RELAXING ABOARD CRUISER

chance to visit foreign lands on shore leave, but even then their liberty is severely restricted. Sailors travel in groups of six while ashore, under the supervision of an officer; seldom do they have enough money for anything more than the price of a sandwich and a bus trip back to port.

Aboard ship, the sailor is even more subject to discipline and ideological indoctrination than his civilian brothers at home. "Recreation time" is filled with Communist Party lectures, propagandistic books and films. TV shows visible in foreign ports are often banned as "corrupting." Ashore or at sea, the sailors' activities are closely watched by the ship's *zampolit* (political officer), a combination cheerleader, disciplinarian and father-confessor. He is the deputy of the ship's captain, with full authority to punish any wayward sailor.

ITALY

Dante's Ordeal

The citizens of Rome have a peculiar way of venting their frustrations. Instead of climbing walls, they climb monuments. Several times a year, some angry Roman or other makes his way to the top of the Colosseum, the dome of St. Peter's or the monument to King Victor Emmanuel II, where he stands or sits for a while in a public expression of outrage. Police and firemen are so nervous about the popularity of monument perching that last week they scrambled onto the dome of the Pantheon to rescue Liza Barkley, 19, a tourist from Philadelphia. Liza was hustled off to a psychiatric clinic before she could explain, through an interpreter, that she was an architecture student and had climbed up a scaffolding to inspect the structure of the dome.

The current champion of Roman monument perchers is Dante Ottaviani, 27, who last week set a city record by perching for seven days and seven nights on the rim of the Colosseum, 150 ft. above the cobblestones. A one-time petty criminal turned street peddler, Ottaviani was protesting the fact that the cops had confiscated his stock of transistor radios and cigarette lighters on the grounds that he did not have a proper license to sell them.

Totally bereft of money and merchandise, Dante was too ashamed to face his wife Laura and five-year-old daughter Sabrina, who were waiting for him in their dismal one-room flat

in the slum quarter of Centocelle. Instead, he clambered up the Colosseum, accompanied by a sympathetic friend (who climbed down again, half-frozen, after only 37 hours). Wrapped in a pink blanket that from a distance resembled a toga, Dante survived a dismally cold week on hard rolls, tea and water, sleeping on a ledge the size of a card table. Once, he slipped, almost fell off, and twisted his ankle.

Dante did, however, make his point. Rome's *Il Messaggero* editorialized that "once poor Christians were thrown to the lions in the Colosseum. Now other poor Christians go there who have no other way to make themselves heard." Eventually, a city hall official climbed up to give Dante a letter promising him the license he wanted; feverish and weary, Dante climbed down from his aerie. Rome's embarrassed city council issued a statement that future requests for municipal favors "must always follow the stipulated administrative norms," but that may be easier said than enforced. Two days later, four unemployed Italians climbed up the Colosseum's jagged walls after the city-owned bus line turned down their requests for jobs.

NORTHERN IRELAND

No More Parades

By far the most visible of Britain's detention camps in Ulster for suspect members of the Irish Republican Army is H.M.S. *Maidstone*, a former submarine supply ship anchored in Belfast's harbor. One evening last week, seven prisoners sawed their way through porthole bars, lowered themselves into the icy water by knotted bed sheets and swam ashore. The fugitives hijacked a bus, drove into the market area of Belfast and vanished from sight.

That was by far the most spectacular escape since the Ulster government invoked the Special Powers Act last August to crack down on the I.R.A. terrorists. Suspecting another breakout of internees, 1,200 British troops and 60 police made an intensive search of the Long Kesh camp near Belfast, where 500 I.R.A. suspects are detained. The search uncovered hacksaws, chisels, wire cutters, counterfeit money, three imitation Tommy guns carved from wood, cash-like steel pipes—and four gallons of still fermenting poteen (moonshine whisky mash).

Aided in part by information from Catholics who are fed up with the terrorists' bombing attacks, the government of Prime Minister Brian Faulkner has stepped up the internment campaign. So far this year, 250 suspects have been rounded up, as many as had been detained in the previous three months. Among the new prisoners are three key officers of the Belfast I.R.A. command. There are now so many suspects in detention that Britain recently



I.R.A. SUSPECT & TROOP ESCORT
Winning a war of attrition.

opened up a fourth camp near the Irish Republic border, and British officers are confident that they are gradually winning the war against the gunmen. "The rate of attrition is steadily increasing," says Faulkner. "The I.R.A. is being crippled."

But the terrorists still have some sting. Last week a Protestant bus driver who was scheduled to testify at a trial of three gunmen was shot dead at his own front door. A British soldier was also killed by a mine on border patrol. His death was the 214th since British troops arrived in Ulster in 1969 to try to keep the peace between Ulster's quarrelling Protestants and Catholics. The continuation of terror makes it less and less likely that Faulkner's Stormont government can ever find a political solution for Northern Ireland on its own.

Policy of Terror. Last week Faulkner took the calculated risk of ordering a one-year continuation of a ban on all public demonstrations. In Ulster, parades are both extremely popular and the cause of sectarian clashes. The decree infuriated Catholics—at week's end they staged two protest marches halted by troops using tear gas—as well as Protestants. "The government has capitulated to the policy of terror!" cried the Rev. Ian Paisley, leader of many militant Protestants. "The I.R.A. has won." There were some suggestions that the I.R.A., for its part, might try a new tactic by organizing illegal parades of Catholics to test the ban and the government's will. The result might well mean more bloody clashes between the warring sects, the need for still more British troops to maintain order, and more trouble for a land that has trouble enough.

OTTAVIANI ON THE COLOSSEUM



PEOPLE

The Dallas Cowboys' **Roger Staubach** turns out to be as fast with a theological hot potato as he is with a football. At a post-Super Bowl press conference Roger was expatiating on his Christian principles when a reporter asked him if he thought there were zone defenses "up there." Staubach: "From what I understand, every pass is a touchdown up there." Reporter: "If you're a defensive back, every pass wouldn't be a touchdown." Staubach: "They don't have any defensive backs up there."

"Less," said the late architect, Mies van der Rohe, "is more." Folk Singer **Joan Baez** and Husband **David Harris**—so happily married when he was in jail on a three-year sentence for refusing induction into the Army—have found since his release ten months ago that more marriage is less happiness. "Living together is getting in the way of our relationship," David has told his friends to explain the split. "I agreed with that," says Joan. "We're continuing to work together, and our son Gabriel is thriving, and that's all that matters anyway."

While making *Exodus* in Israel in 1960, Movie Producer **Otto Preminger** found himself so in love with his costume coordinator, ex-Model **Patricia Hope Bryce**, that he wanted to marry her there and then. There was a problem, though: marriages between Jews and non-Jews are impossible in Israel, and Hope's Jewishness was not exactly easy to establish. Otto's solution, says **Mayer Weisgal**, then head of Israel's Weizmann Institute of Science, in his just published autobiography, was to promise the Weizmann Institute a \$1,000,000 share in royalties from *Exodus* in return for Weisgal's vouching

for Hope's Jewishness. Not surprisingly, the Rabbinical Court found Weisgal's book fascinating. It has launched an investigation and subpoenaed Weisgal, who is taking legal evasive action and telling people that of course Hope is Jewish—the passage in his book was "only a few playful words."

While writing a doctoral thesis on "Psychological and Social Analysis of **Franklin D. Roosevelt's** Childhood," **Nona Fardon** found something no one else seems to have noticed in a diary that Roosevelt kept during 1902 and 1903, when he was at Harvard. In four entries, there appears a string of numbers and odd symbols. Eventually, a newspaper story produced enough hints from amateur code breakers to show that the numbers stood for vowels (1-A, 2-E, etc.), and the symbols were simply unfinished letters. The surprisingly tame translation: "Spent the evening on the lawn and Alice confided in me." Next day: "Worried over Alice all night." Seven months later: "The Commonwealth sails for Europe." Nine months later: "After lunch, have a never-to-be-forgotten walk to the river with my darling. Have to go to New York next Sunday." But who was Alice and who was "my darling"? And above all, why the code?

Actor **Robert Mitchum** phoned his old friend **Rita Hayworth** in Beverly Hills. "Hey," he said, "how'd you like to come down here to Mexico and play my mother?" After she finished laughing, she came—not to mother Mitchum but the young man he is out to kill in the film called *The Wrath of God*. Mitchum has, roughly speaking, the title role: he plays a priest who carries a submachine gun in his Gladstone bag.



LORETTA YOUNG
\$559,000 for old clothes.

Many aficionados of the old *Loretta Young Show* (1953-61) thought that Loretta's introductions were generally better than the shows themselves. Perhaps NBC thought so too. In any case, the network included her 239 entrances and exits when it sold the series for European release. It turned out to be a bad move: a jury of seven women and five men awarded **Loretta Young** \$559,000 in her breach-of-contract suit on the ground that those old-fashioned dresses and hairdos did her \$5,000 worth of damage per show. Loretta, wearing a Jean Louis dress and turban, thanked each juror personally. NBC, wearing a Corporate Image, announced that it would appeal.

It had been a night to forget for former West German Defense Minister **Franz Josef Strauss**. First, there was all that embarrassing publicity when two prostitutes snatched his wallet outside Manhattan's Plaza Hotel. And now, ten months later, the district attorney's office wanted him to come back and testify against the culprits. "Pressing political business" would make that impossible, said Strauss. But the ordeal was not over yet. New York State Supreme Court Justice **Myles Lane**, in dropping the charges against the two, administered a tongue-lashing to the no-show witness. "If everyone were to follow his example," said Justice Lane, "it would be tantamount to giving a carte blanche license to commit crime."

Love can be bad for the ecology in more ways than one. The widely watched TV wedding of Songbird **Tiny Tim** on the night of Dec. 17, 1969, "drastically undermined" the electricity conservation program of the Consolidated Edison Co., Board Chairman **Charles Luce** told a Sierra Club conference in Vermont. "Our load went up 200,000 watts," said Luce.

BRIDE HOPE, GROOM OTTO



FATHER ROBERT, MOTHER RITA



Simon Says

Bridge Over Troubled Water, the biggest-selling pop record of 1970, was the last joint effort by the two young singers Simon and Garfunkel. Everyone knows what Art Garfunkel has been doing since then: acting in Hollywood (*Catch-22*, *Carnal Knowledge*). But what of Paul Simon, the creative half of the team, the composer of *Bridge* and all those other hits like *Sounds of Silence* and *Mrs. Robinson*? He has been preparing his first solo LP in recording studios as far apart as Paris and Jamaica, Los Angeles and New York. Called simply *Paul Simon*, it manages to sound the heavy



ROCK SONGWRITER SIMON
No buzz and blast.

and incisive rhythms of rock without the usual buzz and blast.

Simon's lyrics express a mixture of urban and exurban complaints: carbon monoxide ("the ole Detroit perfume"), thin motel walls ("Couple in the next room: Bound to win a prize"), everybody's Congressman ("He's avoiding me"). Simon has always been a fine rock guitarist—indeed, his guitar was usually all the accompaniment S & G had at their concerts—but the new LP is filled with the unexpected lights and shadows of a newly refined classical technique. The best thing in the album, though, is a number that Simon just sings, leaving the accompaniment to others. It is a soul-gospel song called *Mother and Child Reunion*.

*I can't for the life of me
Remember a sadder day
I know they say let it be
But it just don't work
out that way*

Simon is said to be anxious nowadays about his place in rock history, concerned that he has not been ranked with the likes of Bob Dylan and the Beatles. He may not rank quite that high, but part of the joy of his music has always been its unpretentiousness, the fun that went into it. He sounds more like the real Simon when he says: "I love my own music. I can work on my music, or sit and play the guitar, all night, and I love it because it's me and I'm making it all up."

King of the C

Rossini thought it sounded "like the squawk of a capon whose throat is being cut." John Ruskin used somewhat more elegant phrases: "Of bestial howling, and entirely frantic vomiting up of damned souls through their still carnal throats, I have heard more than, please God, I will ever endure the hearing of again." Both were complaining on the same score—the continuing struggle of Italian tenors trying to hit top notes at top volume.

The 18th century beginnings of Italian opera featured castrati, who could sing in loud treble voices. As the gelding of males for musical purposes fell into disuse, however, tenors continued to reach soprano notes by shifting into a much softer falsetto. It was for these part-falsetto voices that Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti wrote their most famous bel canto tenor roles, sometimes requiring an almost impossible F over high C. Only around 1820 did Tenor Domenico Donzelli startle his public by attempting high A with full chest force behind it, ultimately changing the course of operatic history. The new style put the primary emphasis on volume and thus removed most of bel canto opera from the reach of virtually all tenors who came later.

Blazing Highs. One of the few who can still master the art is a 36-year-old Italian named Luciano Pavarotti. In a Philadelphia performance last week of Bellini's *I Puritani*, which also starred Beverly Sills, Pavarotti's blazing high notes had the audience alternately gasping and yelling.

His voice is not a big one, as tenors go, but it is brilliant from top to bottom and as perfectly focused as a laser beam. He phrases elegantly, attacks tones cleanly; it seems never to have occurred to him that tenors are as noted for shouting and sobbing as for singing. All told, Pavarotti's particular set of virtues brings him closer to perfection than any other tenor in the world today.

Born in Modena, Pavarotti grew up within earshot of the local opera house. He began serious lessons at

19, and his father, a baker, drove him hard. "You have a good voice," he would say, "but Gigli and Caruso sang better." Pavarotti was struggling along on a schoolteacher's salary when a singing contest led to his 1961 debut in the Teatro Municipale in Reggio Emilia. Within a few months La Scala asked him to understudy three roles. Pavarotti boldly turned down the offer. He would wait, he said, for a major part.

While waiting, he was heard by Joan Sutherland's husband, Conductor Richard Bonyngue, who signed him to sing opposite Sutherland in *Lucia di Lammermoor* in Miami. The Bonyngues later took him on a 14-week tour of Australia, and Pavarotti claims that he has learned more from Soprano Sutherland than from any other singer. "He was always feeling Joan's

ALFRED STARKER



OPERA TENOR PAVAROTTI
No capon squawk.

tummy to find out how she breathed," says Bonyngue.

After a series of recordings with Sutherland, Pavarotti made a sensational Metropolitan Opera debut in *La Bohème* in 1968. Much in demand today, he is interested only in the bel canto composers and Verdi. "My dream is *Il Trovatore*," he says, "but it is so demanding that I will not try it for at least five years." Opera lovers will not have to wait that long to hear him at his best, however. His current singing season will reach a peak at the Met next month, when he sings in Donizetti's rarely performed *The Daughter of the Regiment*. Elaborate, bursting with bel canto, the production will feature Sutherland, Ljuba Welitch (the legendary Salome of two decades ago, making a return in a cameo role) and Pavarotti in his most stratospheric showpiece, an aria with nine high Cs. ■ Robert T. Jones



OVERALL VIEW OF HABITAT APARTMENT COMPLEX ORIGINALLY BUILT FOR CANADA'S EXPO '67 IN MONTREAL

Inhabiting Habitat

Far below swirl the icy black currents of the rushing St. Lawrence River. Snow-laden Arctic winds whistle the past, and for an instant, at least, the feeling is that of being atop a giant, jagged iceberg floating downriver past Montreal. Inside the iceberg, though, all is snug and warm; a baroque symphony dances across the huge living room while the champagne bubbles and the soft lights glow. This is Habitat, the magnificent living complex designed by Israeli Architect Moshe Safdie and built on the tiny Cité du Havre peninsula for Canada's Expo '67. For a surprisingly long time, it was well in the running for the White Elephant-of-the-Decade Award, but today it is the most desirable address in Montreal.

Why was Habitat uninhabited so long? Basically, because of initial mismanagement. Its multilevel apartments were filled with exhibitors and functionaries until Expo ended. Then for several months it stood tenantless, save for the architect and another family or two, as federal, provincial and local governments quarreled over who was to administer it. In February 1968, the federal government's Central Mortgage and Housing Corp. (CMHC) took it over, and a series of bumbles began. Rents were pegged at exorbitant levels. Rumors spread about rat infestation and inadequate heat. Understandably, prospective tenants stayed away. Then CMHC cut rents—twice. People moved in and dispelled the rumors. As the two original clusters began to fill, work started on a third. Now, all three clusters—158 apartments—are fully occupied, and there are more than 100 names on the waiting list.

Soundproof Flats. For most of its tenants, Habitat's greatest attraction is the fact that it provides total silence and privacy only five minutes from downtown Montreal. From afar, Habitat looks like a pile of blocks casually stacked by an active child; from within, each of those blocks is an apartment—usually a duplex—with its own uncluttered view, private balconies and floor-to-ceiling windows. Each unit, insulated by thick concrete walls and neoprene stripping, is totally soundproof;

floors are double coated with polyurethane for easy cleaning, and walls are washable.

Included in the rent (\$190 a month for a one-bedroom flat to \$600) is free bus transport to and from the city between 7 a.m. and 1:30 a.m., free electricity, water and air conditioning. All services, such as plumbing and carpentry, are free. Garage space is \$15 a month, and a washer-dryer and dishwasher are each rentable for \$10 monthly. There are nine groundskeepers to maintain the lawns, and 15 security guards to keep the peace. "We've always thought it was out of this world," says Irwin Gopnik, a McGill University English professor. Adds Daughter Alison: "This is not luxury living. This is the way people should live, surrounded by air, space, sun and this whole rich visual experience."

Upper Crust. Architect Safdie originally designed Habitat as a pilot low-cost housing project, but its present tenants are definitely upper crust: professors, architects, lawyers, musicians and business executives. CMHC advertises it as "the most sophisticated place to live in Canada," which is a jarring contrast with Architect Safdie's original intentions. Safdie himself, feeling that rents were unrealistically high, moved out of Habitat in protest three years ago.

"VOGUE" MODEL IN TIE & BLAZER



MODERN LIVING

Tie Power

In any contest to single out the single most useless item of apparel, the necktie wins in a walk. At best, it adds a modest splash of color to the Adam's apple; at worst, it makes a wearer appear to have been the recent victim of a mad tracheotomist. But with the coming of high-heeled shoes and shoulder purses for men, it seemed impossible that the ladies would not strike back. Now they have: in the gilded salons of Manhattan, London and Paris, the flouncy belles of yesterday are turning out in man-tailored jackets, fly-front trousers and—saddest of all—the plebeian cravat.

An early convert to the menswear fad was Actress Betsy von Furstenberg, now touring the provinces in *The Gingerbread Lady*, who bought a boy's outfit for herself last fall when she was shopping for her pre-school son. "She's an incredibly feminine woman," says Allen Murphy, an ad man and a longtime friend. "She usually looks best in a pout of chiffon, but she really looks terrific in boys' clothes."

More Funky. "Fashion goes from one extreme to the other," explains Fashion Director Katherine Murphy of Manhattan's Bloomingdale's. "We've had so many pretty, fancy and outrageous clothes that this change was bound to happen. When I was in Paris last year, all the darling girls were running around in the menswear look." Neckties seem to be the key to the fashion, but derbies, top hats and caps are selling well too. So are Fred Astaire pants, wide-cuffed and pleated, with matching sweaters.

Several Manhattan stores, including Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, Saks and Alexander's, are selling menswear for women: Bloomingdale's has a special area called "Tie One On." Designer Bettye Johnson, who accepted fashion's Coty Award last year dressed in black tie and dinner jacket, offers the menswear look for spring in a strictly individual version: the "Our Gang" comedy style, which is considerably more funky and less tailored than the uptown interpretation. And last week the women's page of London's *Daily Mirror* ran a feature instructing women in a new talent they will need: the art of tying a four-in-hand knot.

King of the Epithet

Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty and Ohio Congressman John Ashbrook represent different parties, different generations and different regions, but they have two important things in common. Each is almost universally regarded as a certain loser in his party's New Hampshire presidential primary, and each has the panting support of William Loeb's Manchester *Union Leader*. Never a piker in his predictions, Publisher Loeb even says that he thinks Yorty will win the Democratic primary.

That result would astonish everyone, Yorty included, but the influence wielded by the highly conservative Loeb cannot be dismissed. Party lead-

not condemned it. When Mrs. George McGovern mistook a portrait of Daniel Webster for William McKinley, Loeb viewed the lapse with such alarm that he used it in one of his front-page editorials to question Senator McGovern's qualifications.

Ever the epithet king, Loeb lumps "Moscow Muskie," McGovern and John Lindsay together as "left-wing knooks." Richard Nixon, whom Loeb supported in 1960 and 1968, has become a "foul ball" and "the great devaluator." The rupture with Nixon came over the impending China visit. Nixon, says Loeb, "has devalued our chances of victory against the Communists by cuddling up to the Chinese Reds and the killers in the Kremlin." He calls Henry Kissinger "a tool

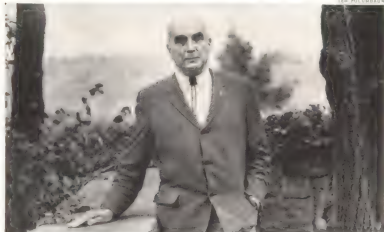
carried no account of last year's Ali-Frazier championship fight; he considers Ali an un-American draft dodger.

Though Loeb sees Red under many a bed, he is not always allied with the far-right fringe. He considers the John Birch Society's Robert Welch a "bloody nut," for example, and often offends fellow conservatives by supporting organized labor. Loeb pioneered in newspaper profit sharing at the *Union Leader* in 1949, and will leave the paper to the employees when he dies. "I don't believe in inherited wealth," he says, but admits that he leaned heavily on his family's resources to acquire his first paper, the St. Albans (Vt.) *Messenger*, in 1941. His father, who became a wealthy minerals executive, was serving President Theodore Roosevelt as private secretary when Loeb was born in Washington 66 years ago.

Roosevelt became not only Loeb's godfather but his political and personal exemplar as well. Loeb considers himself a "19th century liberal" and still shares T.R.'s advocacy of a well-armed America and a vigorous personal life. Bald and robustly stocky, he is soft-spoken off the printed page and dedicated to what he considers "old-fashioned absolutes": honor, patriotism, good manners. He loves tennis, riding, shooting, skiing and salmon fishing—interests he shares enthusiastically with his third wife Nackey, a talented painter, sculptress and horsewoman who is the granddaughter of the late newspaper tycoon E. W. Scripps.

Smear Tactics. Though Loeb has been the dominant force in New Hampshire journalism since he bought into the *Union Leader* in 1946, he does not even live in the state. Rather, he divides his time between a ranch near Reno and a stately neo-Tudor home at Prides Crossing, Mass., 60 miles south of Manchester. He seldom shows up at the *Union Leader* but phones the paper every day from wherever he happens to be, to "keep track of things" and often to dictate a front-page editorial straight off the cuff. He never writes them out in advance because he feels that "plain talk is more effective."

Liberals outside the state consider Loeb a laughable Neanderthal who invariably backs sure losers for office, but those in New Hampshire take him seriously and fear his front-page thrusts. They claim with some justification that his charges amount to smear tactics; indeed, many of his accusations later turn out to be overdrawn or undocumented. This does not bother Loeb in the least. "The tragedy of the newspaper business today is that it's too gray," he says, "not enough black and white, no emotional involvement. Sooner or later, people will stop reading them." That is hardly likely to happen in New Hampshire as long as William Loeb is around.



PUBLISHER WILLIAM LOEB AT HIS PRIDES CROSSING ESTATE
Red under bed, godfather in White House.

ers in Washington guess that his support will build both Yorty's and Ashbrook's showings to perhaps 15% each, far more than they could have achieved on their own. It is not just that the *Union Leader* (circ. 63,000) is New Hampshire's only statewide daily newspaper. Of at least equal importance is Loeb's special perception of the world and its reflection in the *Union Leader's* pages.

Foul Ball. Though the Democratic field is crowded, Yorty stands out clearly in the paper's coverage. His announcement of plans to visit the state rated a three-column headline on Page One, while Edmund Muskie's formal declaration of candidacy was reported on page 12. A note from Chiang Kai-shek to Yorty, acknowledging the mayor's birthday greetings to the generalissimo, got front-page play. Unfavored candidates get heavy coverage in unfavorable situations. When Muskie was noncommittal about Gay Liberation, the *Union Leader* was there to point out on Page One that he had

of the Communist conspiracy." A Loeb editorial warns that "another four years of Nixon could only be considered a calamity for the nation." Conservative Republican Ashbrook, by contrast, was hailed last week for "complete candor" that has "won him the respect of even his most ardent detractors."

When not swinging the sledge, Loeb and the *Union Leader* can be downright cute in their way. After the announcement of Nixon's Peking trip, Loeb invited readers to rename the President's plane. Suggestions included *Go Mao, Pay Later* and *Ding-A-Ling Dickie's Ricketty Red Rickshaw*. Loeb finally selected *Freedom's Futile Flight*. But fun and games are not restricted to presidential politics. When Loeb's choice for Governor was defeated in 1970 the *Union Leader* ran the names of some 15,000 registered Manchester-area voters who had not turned out. The implication was that they were unpatriotic in refusing to exercise the franchise. On Loeb's order ("A moral judgment," he says), the *Union Leader*

A CAR WITH ONLY THREE COATS COULD FREEZE TO DEATH IN SWEDEN.

So before a Volvo sedan leaves the factory, it's dressed accordingly.

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VOLVO

Growing Up Absurd

THE COWBOYS

Directed by MARK RYDELL

Screenplay by IRVING RAYCHET, HARRIET FRANK JR. and WILLIAM DALE JENNINGS

Wil Anderson, on the sunset side of 50, has to get his herd of cattle to market. The hands he hired for the drive ran out on him when they heard about the gold strike upriver. There is not a man left in the territory to help him, so Wil turns to boys—eleven eager, callow youngsters. He teaches them a little about roping and riding trail. He hires a black man named Jebediah Nightlinger to tend the chuck wagon. Then, uneasy with the entire proposition, he sets off.

The Cowboys sounds like a natural. Good premise, good Southwest locations, and John Wayne. Things go wrong, though, because of Mark Rydell's fallygaging direction and a remarkably inept, even vicious script.

In this moppet *Red River*, it is the Duke's responsibility to nudge the boys to manhood. This involves him not only as a trail boss and referee but as a speech therapist. He cures one of the kids of a bad stutter by riling him until the boy can call Duke half a dozen kinds of a son of a bitch without a single stumble.

When the bad guys show up, things really fly to pieces. A grubby band of desperadoes led by Bruce Dern (in a splendidly bravura performance) want in on the drive and the profits. Duke shoots them off, but they skulk along behind the cows, waiting to make a move.

When they do, Dern and Duke mix it up, and Dern finally gets the best of it. Aided by Nightlinger (Roscoe Lee Browne), the kids vow vengeance.

Ultimately *The Cowboys* suggests that you are not a man until you have murdered. These children dispatch Dern in an act of outright sadism all the more chilling for its apparent dispassion. Yet Rydell and the screenwriters seem to be congratulating them on their new-found machismo. *The Cowboys* is no investigation of the inherent evil of the young, like Richard Hughes' *A High Wind in Jamaica*. Nor does it have the awful irony of Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs* (TIME, Dec. 20), in which heroism turned into savagery. Here savagery is seen as heroism.

The ever-fallible Motion Picture Association of America rated *The Cowboys* G-P (all ages permitted, parental discretion advised), and Warner Brothers is pushing it as a swell movie for the whole family. **• Joy Cooks**

Historical Stuffing

EAGLE IN A CAGE

Directed by FIEDLER COOK

Screenplay by MILLARD LAMPELL

Napoleon, like Jesus Christ, has always had vile luck with directors. It is often assumed that Hollywood has a monopoly on witless historical reconstructions. Of course it does not. The latest film to prove it is *Eagle in a Cage*, an account of the Little Corporal's exile on St. Helena.

This is the one period of Napo-

leon's life (except, presumably, his conception) that could be filmed on a small budget: the war is over, thus effecting a great economy in props and stunt riders; all that is needed is a smallish garrison of redecoats, a brace of cameo parts (filled, with steely and rather contemptuous panache, by Sir Ralph Richardson and Sir John Gielgud), one or two sexual objects, a Napoleon, some rocks for the escape attempt and a sunset or two to be glowered at from cliff tops. Once these were assembled, Director Fiedler Cook's imagination was set free to contemplate the psychology of the trapped Emperor.

The result is schematic tedium. Napoleon (played by English Actor Kenneth Haigh) has nothing to do, and the script leaves him nothing to say or think. The plot, such as it is, consists of four strands: the foiled escape; the efforts of the garrison commander (Richardson) to move his prisoner from a damp villa to an even damper one; a couple of perfunctory sexual bouts by Napoleon with a married woman (Billie Whitelaw) and a 17-year-old groupie; and some dotty pollicking (sample: "I want Vienna!") with Lord Sissal, who is making a deal to restore Napoleon to France on condition that he attack Prussia forthwith.

Gielgud with straw hat and cigar plays Sissal as a lickerish hybrid of Winston Churchill and Malcolm Muggeridge. Cackling over the edge of a tub in which the Emperor is playing a nude scene, he tells Napoleon: "Talleyrand once told me you had four women in one night." This indeed is the stuff of history.

One is left with two hours of Napoleon sitting in his villas, suffering cardiac spasms—a mild attack while mounting Billie Whitelaw, a worse one while mounting a horse—and grinding out fatuities like "Power is my art; I love it the way a musician loves his instrument." The routine virtuosity or good professional actors fills the gaps—but only with the kind of narcissism that mocks the story. No cage, caged or free, could survive this taxidermy. **• Robert Hughes**

Time Machine

HOUSE OF WAX

Directed by ANDRE DE TOTH

Screenplay by CRANE WILBUR

Slipping on the special Polaroid glasses for this revival is an instant time trip. Back you go to the advent of 3-D in the early '50s, when *Bwana Devil* had a lion jumping out from the screen and *It Came from Outer Space* landed a meteor right in your lap. *House of Wax*, which combined the pop-out tricks with the grue of the traditional horror movie, seemed the best of them all.

It still does. Originally released in



JOHN WAYNE SHOWS YOUNGSTERS SOME OF THE ROPES IN "THE COWBOYS"
Nudges along the trail to manhood and murder.

CINEMA

1953, it stars Vincent Price in his first horror role. He is in splendidly clammy form as a sculptor of meticulously realistic wax figures who is presumed dead in a fire that destroys his waxworks. He mysteriously reappears, however, to open a hall of waxy horrors that quickly becomes the talk of turn-of-the-century New York City. Meanwhile, corpses start disappearing from the city morgue. A horribly deformed figure in a black cape is stalking the streets, terrorizing the likes of Phyllis Kirk and Carolyn Jones. There are several suspicious deaths.

The police, led by Frank Lovejoy, are firm of jaw but slow of wit, and



PRICE (RIGHT) IN "HOUSE OF WAX"
Endearing hokum.

lag far behind the audience in solving the transparent mystery. But no matter. Time makes this hokum endearing. Director Andre de Toth comes up with several chilling images—for instance, the faces of the wax effigies being put to flame and melting into mush—and keeps the action moving briskly along its hopelessly illogical course.

The 3-D process is at its best in giving the illusion of depth to a composition. One recalls that several more serious films (Hitchcock's *Dial M for Murder* was one) were made in 3-D but released flat when studios discovered that the craze was dying down after audience complaints of headaches from imperfect projection. These days the process is used only for an occasional exploitation item like *The Stewardesses*. Too bad. Besides supplying some nostalgic shudders, *House of Wax* fleetingly suggests that in the right hands, 3-D could have been a good deal more than a stunt.

■ J.C.

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SPORT

Super Slaughter

The weekend in New Orleans was billed as a super sports spectacular. When all the drumbeating and body crunching were over, however, the result was a pair of super slaughters. First, Heavyweight Champion Joe Frazier bludgeoned Challenger Terry Daniels to the canvas five times before the referee mercifully ended the mismatch in the fourth round. Then the Dallas Cowboys took over where Frazier left off, pounding the Miami Dolphins into the Poly-Turf for four long, punishing quarters.

Among other things, the Cowboys' dominance of Super Bowl VI destroyed a myth. Going into the game, the Dolphins were likened to the New York Mets of 1969, the pesky upstarts who won the World Series against lopsided odds. Like the miracle Mets, the Dolphins were a Cinderella team that rallied from defeat to challenge for the championship. They were young. They had the rabid backing of their fans. They made a habit of come-from-behind victories. And, headed by those happy Hungarians, Running Backs Larry Csonka and Jim Kiick, they professed the kind of fraternity-brother togetherness that promised to conquer all.

The Cowboys, on the other hand, came on as a gang of jaded old pros more interested in winning salary increases than games. They were called "unemotional." They supposedly reflected the cold, clinical approach of Coach Tom Landry and the computers he used to analyze the Dolphins' defenses. They had failed to win the Big Game so often in the past that some of their own fans labeled them "choke artists." Worse yet, the team was reported to be riven by dissent. The surly silence of Running Back Duane Thomas, in fact, gave rise to the rumor that the moody black Cowboys' star would not even bother to suit up for the game.

Not a chance. Driven by pride

and the promise of a \$15,000 payoff for each player on the winning team, Thomas and the rest of the Cowboys rolled over Miami like an automated machine. In the battle of the quarterbacks, the Dolphins' Bob Griese proved no match for the Cowboys' Roger Staubach. Griese, who gave up a costly fumble and an interception, was stymied at every turn by the Cowboys' tenacious Doomsday Defense. Staubach, meanwhile, piloted the Cowboys' ball-control offense to perfection. Sending Running Backs Thomas, Walt Garrison and Calvin Hill through holes as broad as a boulevard, he set up a pair of neatly executed scoring passes. Final score: Dallas 24, Miami 3.

Football Dynasty. It remained for CBS-TV Commentator Tom Brookshier to provide some comic relief. While conducting the ritual post-game interviews in the jubilant Cowboys' locker room, he suddenly found himself staring into the baleful eyes of Duane Thomas. Sportswriters had unsuccessfully been trying to interview Thomas for weeks. Making the least of the moment, the visibly flustered Brookshier posed a long convoluted question that seemed to translate: Are you as fast as you seem to be? "Evidently," said the unsmiling Thomas while his teammates roared with laughter. "I'm nervous," admitted Brookshier. He tried another less than incisive question: "You must like the game of football. Do you?" Said Thomas: "Yeah, I do. That's why I'm a football player."

The unanswered question about Thomas is whether he will be able to settle the salary dispute that caused him to call Cowboy President Tex Schramm "sick, demented and completely dishonest."

What did seem certain to the Cowboys—and to many of the fans who witnessed their stunning victory—was the beginning of a pro football dynasty. "This is just the start," said Schramm. "We'll be back again and again like the Yankees and the old Boston Celtics."

RUNNING BACK THOMAS MULLING OVER HIS PROBLEMS BEFORE SUPER BOWL



The First Patient

Most of the U.S. officials and private communications experts who visited Peking this month were interested in scheduling and press coverage for President Nixon's trip to China. Colonel Chester Ward, however, inspected Peking Hospital, checking out such matters as anesthesiology equipment and the supply of A-positive fresh blood, the President's type. On returning to Washington, Dr. Ward reported to his boss, White House Physician Walter Tkach, and gave the hospital good marks. The exercise was not academic: if Richard Nixon should need hospital care in China, he will get it in Peking Hospital's VIP wing.

For Air Force Brigadier General Tkach (pronounced Ta-kosh), the procedure was routine. Whether the journey is to Amarillo or to Asia, Tkach and his staff investigate medical facilities in advance to make sure that they can offer proper care to the President. The doctors also plot the most direct route from any point on the itinerary to the nearest hospital. Tkach is satisfied that Nixon's health will be well protected in China. "We feel safer on this one than on most," he says. "We feel security will be very good, and I think their medical practice and capability is such that we'll feel safe in case of an emergency."

Miniclinic. Not that any trouble is expected. Tkach, who supervised Nixon's annual physical examination at Bethesda Naval Hospital last December, reports that the President is in excellent health. But the doctor is taking no chances. Tkach is updating Nixon's inoculation record for yellow

fever, plague, cholera, typhoid, typhus, tetanus and smallpox, though China has brought such infectious diseases well under control. Bottled water will be taken along, though Ward's tests showed that the local supply will not trouble American digestive systems.

Tkach, who has visited 21 countries and covered more than 270,000 miles since Nixon took office, always accompanies the President on trips. Black bag in hand, he is rarely more than a few seconds away from the nation's First Patient. Nixon's plane, *The Spirit of '76*, carries a miniclinic, including a defibrillating machine for use in case of a heart attack, blood plasma and a tracheotomy set.

Even at home, Tkach is never far from his charge. He and his staff of nine have a suite of offices on the ground floor of the White House, from which they keep track not only of the President, but also of Mrs. Nixon, Tricia and Julie. Above his desk the doctor keeps a light board showing the whereabouts of every member of the family. Tkach's home at Andrews Air Force Base has a hot line to the White House and a helicopter landing pad next door.

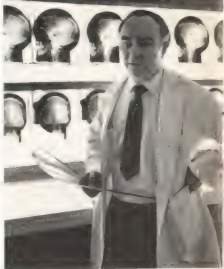
Tkach and Nixon appear to have an excellent doctor-patient relationship. They met in 1953, when Tkach, serving as assistant to President Eisenhower's physician, treated Tricia and Julie for sore throats. He accompanied the then Vice President to Moscow in 1959 and on other foreign trips. In 1961, Tkach resumed his military practice, only to be called back to the White House by President; elect Nixon seven years later.

Tkach considers Nixon a near-perfect patient who tends to take care of himself. The President eats prudently and generally follows medical advice. But Tkach admits to concern about Nixon's apathy toward exercise and recreation. The President jogs in place every morning, but he bowls only every other week, while a year ago he howled once or twice a week. He also finds less time for swimming than formerly. "I discussed this with him," says Tkach, "but I can only recommend." The President, like most busy men faced with the same recommendation, does not seem able to find the time to heed it.

Speed and Strokes

The elderly are most often victims of strokes—the circulation stoppages in the brain that can cause paralysis and death. Yet for five years doctors at the University of Southern California Medical Center have been noticing an increase in young stroke victims and looking for an explanation. Now they have found one. Reporting

KEN ROBERTS



RUMBAUGH WITH ADDICTS' ANGIOGRAMS
The monkeys helped.

in the journal *Radiology*, a U.S.C. research team has disclosed evidence that methamphetamine, or "speed," one of the most widely used of the current "pop" drugs, can cause deterioration of the small blood vessels of the brain.

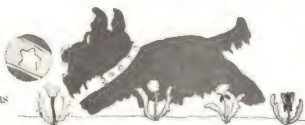
Dye Path. A link between amphetamines and circulatory problems was first suggested in 1970 by Dr. B. Philip Citron. He observed the signs of widespread small-vessel deterioration in 14 young drug abusers, most of whom mainlined speed. Four of them died as a result. Observation of nearly 100 other patients since then has strengthened Citron's initial theory.

A controlled experiment by a second research team has provided still more proof. Dr. Calvin Rumbaugh of the hospital's radiology department had already examined 19 patients by cerebral angiography, an X-ray technique in which a dye is injected into the brain's arteries to enable doctors to follow its path through the smaller blood vessels. The tests showed most of the patients to be suffering from occlusion, or blockage, of the small arteries. To determine whether speed could cause such damage, Rumbaugh and his team injected five rhesus monkeys with methamphetamine every other day for two weeks. Then the scientists killed and autopsied the five, plus two animals that had received no drugs but had otherwise been kept under identical conditions. Neither of the drug-free monkeys showed any sign of brain damage. But all five of the others, which had received speed doses comparable to those taken by many thrill-seeking youngsters, had irreversible brain damage in the areas around the small blood vessels—similar to the damage found in humans who die from strokes.



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Costs of an Oil Spill

Even though three years have passed since crude oil began gushing from a ruptured well under the Santa Barbara Channel, no one yet knows the exact costs of the disaster. As so often happens with social problems in the U.S., the courts have to put a price tag on values that are hard to measure. The latest decision has come from a Santa Barbara court, where Judge Morton L. Barker ruled that the oil companies responsible for the oil spill—Union Oil, Mobil, Texaco and Gulf—should each pay \$500 in criminal penalties.

"Outrageous!" snapped District Attorney David Miner, who is appealing the case to a higher court. The criminal case grew out of violations of Section 5650 of the Fish and Game code, which makes pollution of coastal waters a criminal misdemeanor. Under it, the oil companies were each charged with 343 counts, making a total possible fine of \$812,000. Barker, however, accepted a guilty plea from the companies on only one count each.

What moved him to this startling decision was the notion that the companies have already "suffered sufficiently." They have indeed paid. To date, some \$6 million worth of civil suits, principally one brought by hotelkeepers, property owners and fishermen, have been settled. In addition, Union Oil has spent \$10.5 million to clean up tarred beaches.

More suits are still outstanding. For example, the state of California, with the county and city of Santa Barbara, is asking for \$500 million in civil damages. In other words, Judge Barker's sympathy seems at least premature, since the potentially heaviest costs remain to be litigated.

Despite the obvious costs to the companies, lawyers found it hard to see what civil damages have to do with criminal penalties. Indeed, one critic has compared Judge Barker's decision to letting a drunken driver off with only a nominal fine after he has paid the hospital—or funeral—costs.

Cheerful Sabotage

Under the cover of night on April 21, 1970, five Miamians, calling themselves the "Eco-Commando Force 70," sneaked into six sewage-treatment plants and threw packets of yellow dye into the works. The next day half of Dade County's canals turned bright yellow, graphically illustrating that Miami's inadequately treated sewage does not get far from home.

This week, in recognition of the pertinence of such antipollution tactics, the Eco-Commandos are being declared first-prize winners of a national "ecotage" contest. The word is not yet

in any lexicon. Coined by Environmental Action, the activist organization in Washington, D.C., that sponsored the contest, it was most emphatically defined in a warning from the U.S. Chamber of Commerce as "sabotage done in the name of ecology."

The winner's prize is a statuette called the Golden Fox, in honor of the enterprising mystery man of Kane County, Ill., who began the whole movement with his one-man campaign against local polluters—capping spewing chimneys in the dead of night, plugging sewage outlets of illegal polluters. But unlike the Eco-Commandos and



CARTOON OF ECOTAGE AWARD
Harass Kidnap! Plug!

the Fox, contestants had not necessarily acted out their ideas: all they were asked to suggest were projects that caused no serious harm. In fact, of all the entries, published this week in a paperback book, by far the most violent comes from a fourth-grade class in Wilmette, Ill.: "Kidnap the presidents of the big car companies and put them in a room and for 30 seconds turn their car pollution on them." It did not win a prize.

Among those that did:

► A suggestion to protest the use of approved commercial poisons by mailing "a coyote poisoned by 1080 or the like to the Wildlife Service."

► A "chain letter" scheme to deluge a prime polluter with 40,000 packages of garbage within eight weeks.

► A classified ad form to be put in Sunday papers: "Polluted air need not worry you. We can keep your air clean for pennies. Call (insert appropriate polluter's phone number)."

Man's Best Friend?

Imagine the perfect fish. It would be plentiful, but would not harm other fish. Delicious to eat, it would also be such a powerful jumper and swimmer that sportsmen would revere its ability as a fighter. As an extra benefit, this paragon would feast on something that nobody wants. Does such a fish exist? Indeed, yes. It is called the white amur (*Ctenopharyngodon idella*), a member of the carp family that is native to eastern Asia, where it is prized as a delicacy. Three feet in length and 70 lbs. in weight, an adult amur just loves to eat—so much, in fact, that it is said to consume old shoes and decayed clothes. But mostly it gobbles aquatic weeds and, above all, algae.

These tiny plants, fertilized by nutrients in sewage and by the runoff of farm nitrates, explode into prodigious "blooms" that can cover entire lakes with a pea-green coat. When the algae die, they sink and decompose, depleting the lake's supply of oxygen and hastening its "death"—as has happened in Lake Erie.

Enter the white amur, which operates like a biological vacuum cleaner, eating up to four times its own weight in algae every day. In 1963 the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries imported some amurs from Malaysia, later turned 70 of them over to the Arkansas Game and Fish Commission for study. Outlets were carefully blocked with wire mesh to prevent any from escaping. Still, accidents will happen, and last spring Arkansas biologists found a few white amurs in the White River, a tributary of the Mississippi. Since eight years of research had disclosed no faults in the amur, and the fish was now free in the environment anyway, the scientists released thousands of them into 15 Arkansas lakes, including one that comprises 6,700 algae-choked acres.

"We'll know in two years exactly how this fish will work out here," says the commission's Jim Collins. "If they clean that 6,700-acre lake and don't cause any problems for other species, we'll have one of man's best friends on our hands."

Many imported fish—most notably the Asian walking catfish in Florida and the European carp in all states—have adapted so successfully to U.S. waters that they have crowded out valuable indigenous species. Other scientists fear that the amur could conceivably eat a lake's entire supply of vegetation and thus trigger a serious new kind of ecological imbalance. But, says Collins, "If we thought the amur was a monster, we wouldn't stock it out."

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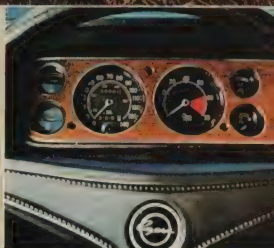


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MILESTONES

Died. Michael Rabin, 35, virtuoso violinist who dazzled millions of concertgoers on six continents; of a skull fracture from a fall in his Manhattan apartment. At the age of three, Rabin demonstrated that he had perfect pitch by plinking notes on the piano to correspond to any sound he heard. At 14, he made his recital debut at Carnegie Hall, launching his professional career with a flawless rendition of Wieniawski's *Concerto No. 1*. The next year came the first of his 84 appearances with the New York Philharmonic. The pressures of being a prodigy took their toll, and in 1963 Rabin suffered a nervous breakdown that interrupted his concert tours for two years.

Died. A.C. Spectorsky, 61, author and editor who created the more serious half of *Playboy's* split personality; of a stroke; on St. Croix, Virgin Islands. *Playboy* Publisher Hugh Hefner's tastes ran to fried chicken, cool jazz and Los Angeles weekends; Auguste Comte Spectorsky preferred Continental cuisine, Mozart and Caribbean sailing. When "Spec" joined "Hef's" three-year-old enterprise in 1956, it was a slick girlie magazine in search of some intellectual balance for the bare flesh. Spectorsky provided it by attracting contributions from top fiction writers and journalists. In the process he helped drive the magazine's monthly circulation from nearly 800,000 to 6,500,000. Among his own books were *The Book of the Sea* (1954) and *The Exurbanites* (1955).

Died. John Chapman, 71, drama critic of the *New York Daily News* since 1943; of cancer; in Westport, Conn. The son of Poet Arthur Chapman (*Out Where the West Begins*), John was a photographer in Paris, a newsroom editor and a Hollywood columnist before he started reviewing Broadway productions for the *News*. Unabashedly proud of his nickname—"Old Frostface"—Chapman once claimed that despite the *News's* huge daily circulation (now more than 2,000,000), he wrote for a tiny audience: "A tough one, me."

Died. Betty Smith, 75, playwright and novelist who planted a durable oak when she published *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* in 1943; in Shelton, Conn. Like Francie Nolan, *Tree's* heroine, Betty Smith grew up in a Brooklyn slum. After writing for and performing on the stage with modest success, she won instant fame with her first novel. *Tree* sold 6,000,000 copies, was made into a movie and a Broadway musical. Her three later novels, though bestsellers, were mere saplings in comparison. "I wish," she once mused, "I'd written my books in reverse."

The Realist as Corn God

A RCHAIC cultural rites do survive in New York. One of them is the fertility festival, The Corn God is chosen; he reigns for a year, credited with power, laden with honors and trophies. Then, at winter solstice, he is killed. A new Corn God takes his place. This cumbersome cycle was once thought to ensure the growth of crops. Today it is mainly practiced in Manhattan's art world. Discovering—or inventing—a new Corn God every year is a basic market strategy, since art consumers, strung out on the disintegrating pluralism of American art in the early '70s, constantly need fresh inspiration. The newest beneficiary and victim of this method is realist art.

The fantasy is that a realist move-

New York taste that Pop art had in 1962—and that they were ready to use the same kind of ballyhoo to ensure it. In a way, this was fitting. The creation is Pop's son.

The characteristics of the style are extreme, deadpan literalness of image, generally repainted from photos with an airbrush, immaculate precision of surface, and a taste for mechanical subjects such as cars, fire trucks and long expanses of shiny kitchenware. The average result is an almost unimaginably stupid and passive materialism—the boredom of Warhol's silk-screened photos without their threat and bite. Thus, confronted for the *n*th time with another perfect rendering of reflections on the chrome gizzard of a Harley-Da-

be if you went out and saw them standing in real life in a field."

Though McLean's earnest visual pedantry does not bear out the last claim, Chuck Close's portrait heads do. Close, 31, studied painting at Yale—but was soon worried by the automatic reflexes of handwriting and color that went into his work. "It seemed dumb and unthinking," he explains. "I was using put solutions. So I wondered, what would happen if I eliminate my gestures, my good color sense?" Close threw out his brushes and tubes, bought an airbrush, and set to work on a series of immense (8 ft. tall) heads.

The method he used to paint *Susan*, 1971, was meticulously impersonal. First, a color photo was broken down by a commercial printer into three color-separation sheets, red, yellow and blue. Using these as a guide, Close reproduced the separations on canvas with an airbrush. "I only use three primaries, so the nice thing is I can't have favorite colors. The scale has to be huge for the amount of information I want to convey. I wanted to treat the face as topography, not portraiture—as if you're moving over a landscape, with every pore and wrinkle given equal value."

Indispensable Tool. Not all realists, however, use photographic sources to such deliberately unpoetic ends. Richard Estes, 35, has emerged since his first exhibition in 1968 as the most gifted recorder of American cityscape: a chrome-faced escalator plunges eerily downward as if to some dreadful and sanitary limbo, the facades of commercial buildings (as in *Cafeteria*, 1969) become a maze of glittering planes in which figures swim, refracted among transparencies. For Estes, a camera is an indispensable tool for stabilizing this flux of movement in all its ambiguous clarity. "Taking the photograph," he says, "is as important as painting the picture. The same spot is always changing on the street. But the difference between art and life is that art is constant. There's no time limit on a nice still photo. It has no beginning or end—it just exists." The hard, lucid design of Estes' work, together with its traditional technique—his apparently photographic realism is really a composite, full of nuances and adjustments—sets him to the right of the Radical Realists.

One of the unforeseen aspects of recent realism has been its migration into sculpture. At times this produces images not far above the level of ingenious waxwork—thus John de Andrea's perky nudes, exact down to the last curl of pubic hair. But the one shot that hyper-realist sculpture has in its locker is a disturbing sense of presence, and this, Duane Hanson's tableaux exploit to the fullest degree. His *Bowery Bums*, all ragged and filthy, mottled flesh, lying in an appalling detritus of empty bottles and scum, is



ALFRED LESLIE



PHILIP PEARLSTEIN



WILLIAM BAILEY

ment exists in America—in the sense that Cubism, for instance, was a coherent movement with defined aims. The word movement, in fact, is mere packaging: a bogus form of authentication aimed at nervous collectors who demand instant history. In reality, the scenario is very complex. No generalizations hold true all the way across it, and the strongest realists—like Alfred Leslie and Philip Pearlstein—produce work that would have commanding authority whatever the current fashion.

The Bundle. At one end of this spectrum sits a neatly handled phenomenon called Radical Realism, or to give it the name of a new show consecrating it at the Janis Gallery, "Sharp-Focus Realism." Well before the opening, it was clear that the show's promoters expected the style to have the same razz, traumatic effect on

vision or the pastille skin of a Volkswagen, one is apt to recall Truman Capote's sneer (about another medium) that "this isn't writing, it's typing."

Yet a minority of airbrush realists do explore one important problem of naturalism: how much information can a painted surface carry, and when does it start usurping the denseness of reality itself? California Artist Richard McLean's *Rustler Charger* (done from a black-and-white photo in a horse magazine) contains an unassimilable welter of detail, from the pebbles on the ground to the stitching on the girl's pants to the last speckle on the horse's coat. But, says McLean, 37, "it's not just a blown-up photo. I try to get a more heightened sense of reality, to make it a more startling and palpable thing to react to than a photograph is. Those people on the horse are more real to you than they would

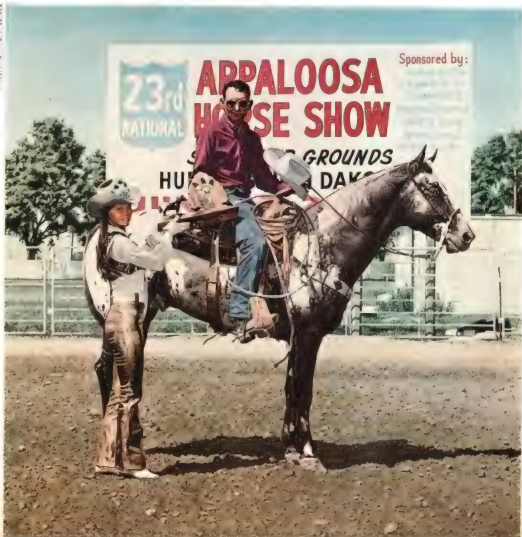


"YOUR KINDNESS" BY ALFRED LESLIE.



"TWO FEMALE MODELS ON APACHE RUG" BY PHILIP PEARLSTEIN.

"RUSTLER CHARGER" BY RICHARD McLEAN.





"LISTENER" BY WILLIAM BAILEY.



"CAFETERIA" BY RICHARD ESTES.



"BOWERY BUMS" BY DUANE HANSON.



"SUSAN" BY CHUCK CLOSE.



RICHARD ESTES CHUCK CLOSE

one of the most grossly truthful pieces of social observation in American art.

But the fact remains that the best figurative painting in America has no relation to Pop art. It is still, in general, done by the "humanist" and historically inspired artists who lived through the Abstract Expressionist experience and came out on the other side. Their work keeps a relaxed, articulate contact with the great tradition of figurative painting. Representative of these are Philip Pearlstein, Alfred Leslie and—a more recent and conservative addition—William Bailey.

It would be hard to think of a less "American" painter than Bailey, 41, who teaches at Yale, where he had earlier studied under Josef Albers. Modest in scale and completely unheroic, his pictures seem European—the work, perhaps, of a less mature Balthus, minus the overtones of perverse eroticism. Their strength lies partly in the extreme discipline of organization that Bailey can muster. He is a perfectionist, so much so that the right hand of the girl in *Listener* had to be scraped off and repainted "about 100 times" before he was satisfied with it (perhaps he shouldn't have been). His subjects, whether eggs and cups on a table or a seated nude, are bathed in a continuous, golden flow of subdued light; Bailey's world is un-specific in nearly everything except the insistent, forming pressure of his drawing. Corners meet and windows describe their rectangles with the cool inevitability of geometric abstraction. And its idealist, detached tone is very different from the concrete vigor of the man who must be, by now, America's leading realist: Philip Pearlstein.

Born in Pittsburgh in 1924, Pearlstein gravitated to New York, where he rapidly became involved with the dominant orthodoxy of Abstract Expressionism. But in 1958, after a visit to Italy, he began to realize that he was still at bottom a realist draftsman. "I did not mean to become the kind of naive or modest painter of nice pictures the word realist seems to lead peo-

ple to expect. I meant to create strong, aggressive paintings that would compete with the best of abstraction."

Two *Female Models on Apache Rug* is painted with a kind of weighty probity that Courbet would have approved. Nothing is fudged or romanticized; all the attention is focused on an absolute truth of contour, the precise sensation of bunched, knotted or slack muscle, the laconic interplay between the cold skin and the darting, vivid patterns of the fabric. No artist of Pearlstein's generation has so bravely confronted the basic issues of realism—how to hold the utmost concreteness of three-dimensional volume within the strongest two-dimensional pattern. The vigorously modeled limbs and trunks of his subjects create a pictorial energy that, like the black scaffolding of Kline's brush marks, burst through the edges of the canvas. Pearlstein scorns using photographs. "It never occurred to me," he says, "that people would work from photos—because I never had any difficulty drawing or painting."

Right Angle. Painter Alfred Leslie is even blunter in his rejection of photographic aids. "In the 20th century," he says, "our reality comes through instrumentation. People believe things only when the things have been qualified by technology. So you can be convicted in court by a photo taken of you, even though 20 people say you were 100 miles away. This is because people feel that a photograph has more truth than personal testimony." Leslie's pictorial pragmatism is such that, for a current painting of the death of his poet friend Frank O'Hara (who was run over by a Jeep on the beach at Fire Island in 1966), he had a whole Jeep lifted in through his studio window and chocked up, six feet in the air, to get the angle right.

A second-generation Abstract Expressionist like Pearlstein, Leslie turned to figure painting in the early '60s. His technique as a draftsman is formidable, sharing Pearlstein's plain speech and relentless grip. *Your Kindness* is an idiosyncratic companion piece to David's famous *Death of Marat*, with Leslie's wife Constance West dressed as Charlotte Corday and holding the letter that got her access to Marat's bathroom. It is an exhilarating picture, with its firm amplitude of shapes and stripes. Leslie thinks of his work in partly ethical terms. "I think," he reflects, "it was Balzac who said that when art begins to decay it is always realism that comes to the rescue. This is why we must fight for the restoration of the realistic painter's rights—why I feel that I have to paint from life, to restore, at least in myself, the power to see things at first hand. There is a direct relationship between what we see and the quality of life."

• Robert Hughes

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FLIP WILSON SWINGS OUT WITH HIS "FUNNY" ON HIS TOP-RATED VARIETY SHOW

ALLAN WARDEN

TELEVISION

COVER STORY

When You're Hot, You're Hot

SHE doesn't walk onstage. She insinuates herself. Rotary-drive hips, and fingers that were probably snapping out rhythms in the cradle. Over-stuffed bosom beneath a Pucci dress, \$450-shoulder-length brown wig, and eyelashes long enough to rake it lawn with. She coolly surveys the scene and lets fly with a sassafras falsetto: "Whoooo-eeeeee! Watch out, honey! Don't you touch me! Don't you ever touch me!" Or: "When you're hot, you're hot; when you're not, you're not." Or her trademark: "What you see is what you get."

Nobody who watches television needs to be told who she is. She is Miss Geraldine Jones, the No. 1 character of TV's No. 1 comedian, Flip Wilson. Geraldine and her creator are like nothing that has ever appeared on a top-rated weekly variety hour. It is not simply that both are black, although that is significant enough. It is that Geraldine is pure ghetto caricature. Half the fun of her characterization comes from the clichés of the black experience that she embodies, the other half from put-ons of conventional white attitudes toward that experience. Five years ago, any network executive worth his Valium would have sworn that these were not the ingredients of mass entertainment.

Like Flip Wilson, Geraldine represents a fresh twist on traditional themes. The name is borrowed from a childhood crush of Flip's, a little girl in the grimy ghetto streets of Jersey City. The personality owes something to Sapphire, the endearingly bossy housewife on the *Amos 'n' Andy* radio show

of the 1930s and '40s. The voice is derived from the Delta screech of Butterfly McQueen, the eye-rolling, stereotyped black maid in *Gone With the Wind*, and of so many other Hollywood oldies. What is different and up-to-date about Geraldine, says Flip, is that "she demands respect. She is not a loose woman. She always has some meaningful employment, and she's never asking for favors. Geraldine's liberated—that's where she's at. Everybody knows she don't take no stuff."

For that matter, none of the characters that Wilson plays take any stuff. "Like Geraldine, they're all in complete control," says Flip. "They're all alive, exciting, and in tune with whatever is in." There is, for example, the Rev. Leroy of the Church of What's Happening Now. The Rev., as Flip calls him, is a hot-gospel preacher whose collection cup runneth over—into his pockets. There is Freddy the Playboy, the swinger with a quick eye for an ebony leg and an even quicker line of honeyed jive. There is Sonny, the White House janitor, Henry Kissinger's Doppelgänger and the only sane voice in the Washington Establishment.

Narrative Gift. On his show, as well as on his records, Flip Wilson spins out these impersonations in anecdotes, not one-liners. His gift is for dialect and narrative, not gags. The laugh track of a Bob Hope or a Milton Berle is a crescendo to climactic punch lines. Flip's graph would be all hills and valleys, zigs and zags. He puts his material over gently, through sheer likability—and considerable body English. Though

only 5 ft. 6 in., he has an amazingly elastic physical grace, and a repertoire of motions that recalls the masters of silent movie comedy.

One of his funniest sketches, a par-fait of incongruities, is Columbus' discovery of America. Trying to convince Queen Isabella—Queen Isabel Johnson, that is—that she should cough up for the trip west, Columbus tells her that without America, there would be no Ray Charles. That sends her into a swivel. "Ray Charles?" she screeches. "You gonna find Ray Charles? He in America?" "Damn right," says Chris. After writing him out a traveler's check so that he can buy the *Pinto*, the *Niña* and the *Santa Maria* at the Army & Navy Store, a zonked-out Isabel announces to the crowd at the dock: "Chris goin' to America on that boat. Chris goin' to find Ray Charles."

Later, when Chris spots America, a West Indian maiden who could be Geraldine's twin is waiting for him, her hand on her hip and "Watch out!" in her eyes. "What the hell you want comin' round in them ships?" she asks. "We don't wanna be discovered. You better discover your ass away from here."

In another travesty of history, Bathsheba is a groupie follower of Little David, a rock singer and harpist. "Play the harp, Little David!" Bathsheba shrieks. "Play on that harp, honey!" Eventually David's prowess with women arouses the ire of Goliath, leader of a motorcycle gang called the Philistines. "Watch out, David!" Bathsheba yells. "You'd better watch out! He runnin' up behind you! He got a club!"

Gionna hit you!" Some of the catch phrases in these routines have already become part of the slang of the '70s. The best known is the refrain with which a black minister's wife explains her every goof, whether it is buying an expensive dress or running her car into the side of the church: "The devil made me do it."

Some middle-class, well-educated blacks are offended by the updated *Amos 'n' Andy* quality of Flip's material. Wilson's way of playing with the stereotypes, however, unself-consciously holds them up to ridicule. Not even Archie Bunker could find much ammunition for bigotry in Flip's presentation of Geraldine (see box, page 59). If Flip is *Amos 'n' Andy*, he is *Amos 'n' Andy* in reverse shuffle—with 30 years of civil rights battles behind him.

Most blacks, uneducated as well as sophisticated, seem to realize this. Last year when he appeared at Black Expo '71, a trade and cultural fair in the International Amphitheater in Chicago, the audience was screaming for Geraldine even before Flip came on. "There was such a massive outpouring of love and appreciation that it overwhelmed the cat and broke him down," remembers the Rev. Jesse Jackson, who helped organize the affair.

No Color. To those who say that he should do more to advance the "cause," Flip has a ready reply: "I have feelings about these things, but I'm selling professional entertainment. Politics is for politicians. Each man has his own style: mine is that 'the funny' has no color. I do these characters because they're what I know. But people are just people to me. The way I see it, I don't have to think black—or not think black. I just have to entertain. I'm just a comic."

The ratings bear witness to Wilson's success at comedy and to his appeal to whites as well as blacks. In their second season on NBC—which, Flip jokes, now really is "the full-color or network"—Flip, Geraldine and his other characters have become regular Thursday-night fare for an estimated 40 million Americans. In recent Nielsen ratings, *The Flip Wilson Show* has been the No. 1 variety entry and the No. 2 show of any kind (after CBS's situation comedy *All in the Family*). Sponsors' money has followed the audience, and NBC now charges \$86,000 for one minute of the show's commercial time. "You have to have an appeal to survive in the top ten in television," says Bill Cosby, whose own show on NBC never did achieve high ratings and lasted only two seasons. "It's no use reaching the teen-ager if the father wants to watch a western or if the mother wants to watch some doctor thing, because the kid loses out. Flip takes in everybody."

What gives Wilson this broad scope is that, compared with other comics, particularly black comics, his humor has a visceral appeal. Wilson is not just

a black comedian, any more than Jack Benny is just a Jewish comedian. His characters and his situations are black, but his humor is universal. He has the talent to make blacks laugh without anger and whites laugh without guilt. "Flip touches more comic bases than anyone else," says Actor and Playwright Ossie Davis (*Purlie Victorious*). "He retains some of the tradition of the clown as against the comic. A comic is a personality who deals with verbal delivery and usually with bland topics like mothers-in-law and taxes. A clown is a character complete unto himself. Flip Wilson can create characters who stand on their own. He is the most versatile comic spirit in America today."

Wilson does not have the slashing wit of a Lenny Bruce, the angry bite of a Dick Gregory, the satirical punch of a Godfrey Cambridge, or the intellectual edge of a Bill Cosby. His approach is at once older and newer than that of the others. The message about racial injustice is the same as Gregory's, for example, but Flip sneaks it in and shakes loose a laugh before the audience can object. After telling a story about Indians, he asks: "How would you like it if you bought a \$50,000 house and somebody came along and put up a wigwam next to it?" Or: "This is my riot jacket—I got it in Buffalo out of a window."

Spontaneous as some of Flip's lines seem, they are all the result of dedicated study. No comedian has calculated

his career more carefully or worked harder for his laughs. While a neophyte in his 20s, he laid down a 15-year plan for success. Today, at 38, he has not only met his timetable but has bettered it. As in his early years, his absolute concentration on his business gives him a preoccupied, almost aloof air. Even when relaxing, he is studying people for situations or thinking up funny lines. His whole effort is bent toward making each show "my best shot."

Unusual Format. That effort begins each Monday with a reading of the script in Rehearsal Room 4 at NBC's Burbank, Calif., studios. Flip writes about a third of his material himself and sometimes arouses the ire of his writers by heavily editing the rest. While the reading is going on, an assistant sticks tape on the floor to map out the movements. Rehearsals begin on Tuesday. A general runthrough follows on Wednesday, and Thursday is camera-blocking day, when the performers work with camera crews. On Friday at 5 p.m. there is a dress rehearsal, with final taping at 8 p.m. Both the rehearsal and the show are taped before a live audience, and the best scenes from each are spliced together for broadcast on the following Thursday.

Throughout all this, Flip constantly



SHORT-ORDER COOK & GERALDINE, SKYWRITING PILOT & REV. LEROY



WITH JESSE JACKSON IN CHICAGO



WITH STAFF MEMBERS IN STUDIO
Awash in turkey noodle.

takes time out to attend to details ordinarily left to stagehands—testing the door chimes on a set or making sure that a champagne-bucket prop is positioned correctly. Because of his painstaking approach, the show is known as something of a sweat for guests. Outside performers on the Carol Burnett or Glen Campbell shows can get away with a three-day commitment; Dean Martin's guests have been known not to see him until the day of the show. But Flip insists on a five-day schedule for his guests as well as for himself.

With all that, performers are eager to appear—and not just for the exposure. Despite Flip's demands, the set is remarkably free from tension, and Flip hand-tailors the material for his guests. "The show is my home," he says, "and I want my guests to be comfortable in my home. I want them to relax and have fun. Occasionally it takes some time to hit off because we have to find the right approach. But once that happens, we're smoking." The stars that he has "smoked" with range from Lucille Ball, with whom he was the rear end of a stage horse to her head, to David Steinberg, with whom he was the sympathetic bartender to Steinberg's milk-drinking mama's boy. Last week he was

a sane patient telling his troubles to a nutty psychiatrist played by Dom DeLuise.

The show that was taped for airing this week features a sketch with ex-Footballer Jim Brown, now a movie actor. Geraldine, dressed up as a "Chicken Delicious" delivery girl in a micro-mini and lace-up boots, delivers an order to Brown. After announcing the product—"No fancy ribbons on our meat: what you see is what you eat"—she tries to persuade Brown to find work in the movies for her boy friend Killer, never visible on the stage but always present in her thoughts. "What is he doing?" Brown asks. "He don't do nuthin'." Geraldine replies, "What does he want to do?" Brown asks, "He's doin' it," says Geraldine. "But ain't nobody takin' pictures of him."

The show's effectiveness comes partly from the unusual format designed by Producer Bob Henry, a veteran of variety shows dating back to Nat King Cole in the '50s. "The first time I saw Flip live, he appeared on a small platform with a six-piece orchestra on the side," Henry says. "I thought, 'That's the way to do it—intimacy.'" To get Flip closer to the audience, Henry created a theater-in-the-round and placed emphasis on full-body camera shots. "The head-to-toe selling was important," he observes. "What Chaplin's legs were to him, Flip's body is to his program."

Banned were such clichés as long introductions, phony folksiness and chorus lines with phalanxes of pretty legs flung up into the camera. "The best contribution I can make as a producer is to let the personality shine through on the screen," says Henry. "It's a small tube. If you clutter it up with a lot of people, you lose the most interesting thing in the world—the human face." With simplicity as the keynote, nothing was allowed to overshadow the star—Flip Wilson.

Poor Family. Not being overshadowed is a relatively new experience for Flip, who might stand as the model for a black Horatio Alger character. Born Clerow Wilson in 1933, one of the 18 survivors among 24 children in his family, he was "so poor even the poor looked down on me." His father was a carpenter and sometime tippler who was always looking for work. "Occasionally he'd just stand on the corner with his hammer and saw, waiting for someone to come by who needed a job done," recalls Cornelius Parker, whose family ran a funeral home across the street from where the Wilsons lived.

Flip's mother abandoned the family when Flip was still a youngster, and his father floated from place to place in search of low rents. At one point he moved his brood into a coalbin cellar. "We'd steal buns from the A & P, milk, anything to keep alive," recalls Flip's brother Lemuel, a carpenter in Jersey City. "I used to steal Christmas trees so we'd have one on Christmas." In those

days Flip was a quick, thin child with a runny nose and a big appetite; his brothers and sisters called him "Tin Can" because he ate so much. He used to hang around the fire station on his block, gagging it up with idle firemen. "He was always joking, always funny," says Fireman Ed Dawson.

When he was nine, Flip made his stage debut. The girl who was supposed to be Clara Barton in a school play became ill, and Flip, in the grand tradition of understudies, stepped in. No record survives of how his performance went over, but certainly the female role prophetically foreshadowed Geraldine. At about the same time, he sneaked into the old Mosque Theater in Newark to see the two comics who went on before the movie. "I knew then," he says, "that I had to make people laugh too."

White Mentor. Because of his family's straitened circumstances, the authorities placed Flip in foster homes. He went from a strict Catholic family to a fortune teller to a family that was almost fanatically pentecostal. In desperation, he kept running away from his foster homes (13 times in all) and was finally sent to reform school. Life there was downright Sybaritic compared with his life on the outside. To ensure that he stayed in, he made a number of escape attempts, which he knew would be "punished" by extensions of his term. "My happiest memory of childhood was my first birthday in the reform school," he says. "My teacher gave me a little package. It contained a box of Cracker Jacks and a can of A. B. C. Shoe Polish."

When he was 13, Flip rejoined his father. After sporadically attending public school, he dropped out and picked up odd jobs on construction sites, in bowling alleys and at parking lots. Then at 16 he lied about his age and joined the Air Force. "I wasn't patriotic," he explains, "just tired of being ashamed of my clothes. And the Air Force beat parking cars for a living." He was assigned, like many other blacks, to kitchen duties. There his cheerfulness and intelligence impressed a white Southern major who gloried in the name of Lloyd Llewellyn Lancaster Lynn. Major Lynn became the first of several white mentors who have guided Flip's life, persuading him to go back to school to learn typing and grammar. Meanwhile, Flip was earning a reputation—and his nickname—by "flipping out" people with his stories and clowning.

In 1954, at the age of 20, Flip left the service and became a \$40-a-week bellhop in a San Francisco hotel. He got his first break in show business when an adagio dance trio, the hotel's floor show, let him fill in with a drunk routine while they changed costumes. When the three went off to their next date in Stockton, Calif., Flip went with them—at 51 a night. Soon he left them and started a seven-year odyssey across the country, working the small Negro

clubs and sleeping in cheap hotels, bus stations, pay toilets and even on the tops of parked cars. "Those black audiences in the little weekend clubs were the toughest I've ever played for," he says. "With all the trouble black people have, they try to forget on weekends. You've got to be good to make them laugh."

While Flip was playing a small Miami club in 1956, another mentor appeared in Herbie Shul, a local white businessman. Shul saw enough promise in Flip to become his angel for a year, giving him \$50 a week while Flip worked engagements in Florida and the Bahamas. The following year Flip married—and almost immediately divorced—a dancer he met in Nassau named Peaches. His feelings about the episode are indicated by the fact that he will not reveal Peaches' last name. In any case, he did not repeat the experiment in matrimony until 1961 in Miami, when he took his second wife, Blondell, by whom he has since had four children.

Since his earliest years in the business, Flip has made an intensive study of comic styles. Deeply impressed by Max Eastman's *Enjoyment of Laughter*, an analysis of what makes people

laugh, he began a book of his own, which until recently he carried in a loose-leaf folder and made periodic entries in. Today the distilled contents of that folder are enshrined on four laminated tablets in Wilson's Hollywood house. Written in antique script with illuminated headings, Flip's *Laws of Comedy* look like a medieval Book of Hours. "Be sudden, be neat," one exhorts. "Be unimpassioned," reads another. "If you are serious about something, leave it out."

His off-the-cuff comments about his craft are more revealing. "Generally," he says, "it only takes one thing that's different to be great. I don't think there's anything that can compare with Charlie Chaplin's walk and remarkable use of the body. With Bob Hope, it's timing; with W.C. Fields it's complete effortlessness. A long time ago, I decided what my thing was and I eliminated everything else. I used to work with a partner, but he'd get drunk and forget his lines. No partner. I eliminated the orchestra because I didn't sing or dance. I used to wear a ratty old coat and a funny hat. I threw those away. No props. Just me. Flip Wilson."

Flip worked at sharpening what he calls his "funny" with the same persis-

tent, single-minded, analytical approach. His Columbus and Isabella routine, which lasts only six minutes and 50 seconds, took three years to perfect. Eventually such effort paid off, and Flip moved out of the small clubs to the "chitlin circuit," the black equivalent of the hosiery belt, which included big theaters like Harlem's Apollo, the Howard in Washington and the Regal in Chicago. "When I used to emcee rock concerts in those theaters," says Flip, "I'd come out and the audience would start milling around waiting for these cats to go 'Doo, doo, doo.' They'd yell, 'We want to hear them!' So then I'd say, 'At least you didn't boo me.' And they'd go, 'Boo, hoo, boo!' But I would have their attention. The important thing is to get the audience's attention."

The big break came in 1965, when Black Comedian Redd Foxx was a guest on the *Tonight Show* and Johnny Carson asked him who was the funniest comedian around. Foxx's reply: Flip Wilson. Carson invited Flip to appear on the show, and Flip broke it up with a spoof of a black woman buying a wig ("You sure it don't make me look too Polish?"). Before long, he was a hot item, and in the following years made

Archie Bunker Looks at Flip

Racial jokes are also the staple of television's other top comedy show. All in the Family—but with a difference. Where Flip Wilson kids conventional prejudices by tuning them inside out, Family's archbishop Archie Bunker (Carroll O'Connor) is a living compendium of those prejudices. To see how Archie might react to Flip, TIME asked Family Producer-Writer Norman Lear to imagine a scene in the Bunker living room after the family has watched Flip's show. Lear's script:

Gloria: Daddy, Flip Wilson really flips you, doesn't he?

Archie: Flip Wilson? I can take him or leave him.

Mike: Come on, Arch, I can't remember when I saw you laugh so hard.

Edith: That's right, Archie. Especially when he got in them lady's clothes...

Archie: Edith, stifle!

Edith: And played Ernestine...

Archie: I said, stifle! I don't know what it is with you guys. We seen the show, we enjoyed it...

Mike: Enjoyed it, hell! I saw you spit a gut! The guy is just plain funny—why can't you admit it?

Archie: So, He's funny. I'm the foist to admit it. But I didn't spit no gut. I do that maybe for Bob Hope. He's really funny!

Gloria: What's Bob Hope got to do with this?

Archie: Nothin'. He's just the daddy of 'em all, that's all!

Edith: (amazed) Bob Hope is Flip Wilson's father?

Archie: Edith!!

Mike: Archie, I never heard you laugh at Bob Hope the way you just laughed at Flip Wilson.

Archie: Go on! The man entertained our boys through three wars—don't that mean *nothin'* to you?

Mike: Okay. So he entertained the troops. But that doesn't make him funnier.

Archie: The hell it don't! He paid his dues, sonny boy—and he come up the hard way, too!

Mike: What the hell does that mean, Bob Hope came up the hard way?

Archie: Well, he didn't have whateya call yer natural endowments. His people wasn't all singers and dancers an' like that!

Mike: You mean he wasn't black?

Archie: Right.

Mike: So Bob Hope came up the hard way—and Flip Wilson had it ready, made and waiting! Is that it?

Archie: You're takin' what I said out of context, like ya always do, Mr. Big Liberal. All I meant was, bein' colored, Flip had a natural advantage of entertainin' bein' in his blood.

Edith: I thought it's tougher bein' born black.

Archie: Edith, you gotta stop readin' what them two bleeding hearts



O'CONNOR IN "FAMILY"

bring home! I'm tellin' ya—you wanna get into sports or entertainment, it's easier bein' black. That's it!

Mike: How the hell do we get from one hour of your solid laughter at Flip Wilson to another of your broadside attacks against all blacks?

Archie: There you go—just about ready to accuse me of prejudice again, ain't ya?

Mike: (hopelessly) Yeah, Arch, "just about ready."

Archie: An' all because I paid yer favorite minority a few compliments.

Mike: But you said black Flip Wilson wasn't as funny as white Bob Hope. Or are you gonna tell me you don't think of me as black an' white?

Archie: Well, I don't.

Mike: You phony...

Archie: Except when they're in-nerdured, and one steps out in his black skin, and the other is in his white; then I got two eyes, don't I?

TELEVISION

appearances on *Laugh-In* and the Carl of Burnett and Dean Martin shows, along with many repeats on *Tonight* and other talk shows.

After one disastrous attempt at a TV special in 1968—taped but never shown—Flip and his manager, Monte Kay, found the successful formula for his famous NBC special in 1969, which introduced Geraldine as an airline stewardess in a sketch with Jonathan Winters' gray-haired Maude Frickert. The network offered him his own show the next year, and he was off and away. When you're hot, you really are hot. His net income is well upward of \$1,000,000 a year. This comes mainly from earnings from his show and roy-

whole week. He hires a plane to take him to Las Vegas or Denver, or, with his valet and righthand man George Whittington in the seat beside him, heads out of the driveway in his new ice-blue Rolls-Royce. The license plate? KILLER.

With its stereo, Dunhill pipe rack and mobile telephone, the Rolls is almost a house on wheels. Which is not too strange, really, because the road is Flip's only real home. "Quite often I feel the tension, and I'll go driving into the desert," he says. On such occasions he keeps a note pad handy to jot down his thoughts. "I don't go to create, I go to relax," he explains. "But I've never gone and not come back with some-

thing. I've had my chance, and I gave it my best shot. I have never met a better man than me. There's no one else I'd rather have been. I may not be better than you, but I'm goddam equal."

When he does give an interview, he turns off the moment that the questions get around to his offstage life—to the pretty girls who are special guests in his dressing room on taping days, often a different one each week; to his apparently estranged relations with Blondell; to his early life and his family back in Jersey City.

Flip is known to fly to Miami several weekends a year to visit Blondell and the children: David, 11; Kevin, 9; Tammy, 5, and one-year-old Stephanie. They live in an expensive house in a predominantly white neighborhood on the city's northwest side. The children also spend part of the summer with their father in Hollywood. Blondell seems to share Flip's passion for privacy. Neither she nor the children mix much with the neighbors, and recently she went so far as to call the police when a reporter sought to interview her.

Standing Offer. Flip quietly returns to Jersey City fairly regularly too, looking up old haunts and visiting with his brothers and sisters. Many of them have succumbed to the ghetto syndrome of poor jobs, welfare and—in two cases—jail. Like any other family with such a history, they sometimes reflect a mood of bitterness and envy. Perhaps inevitably, that mood can occasionally focus on Flip, producing a complaint that he is not doing all that a rich and successful brother should do.

But the evidence is not all against Flip. A few years ago, an electrician named Leroy Taylor, who had served as a father figure for Flip and several other kids in the neighborhood, learned that he had terminal cancer and committed suicide. Flip made a special trip to attend the funeral and paid all his expenses. He also sends money to his family, and has made a standing offer to underwrite any niece or nephew who wants to go to college. One who will take him up on it is Wilbur Wilson, a senior at Jersey City's Lincoln High School and an all-county and all-state linebacker. "He's concerned about us," says Wilbur. "He seems like an emotional person. When he comes home, he likes to sit down and talk to someone. It seems like it relieves him."

Whether it does or not, Flip will not say. Of the true nature of his family ties, or his feelings about his past, or even whether he has another 15-year plan for the future, there is no telling. "My show is my statement," he says. "What I have to say is on the screen. My life is my own. I don't want to talk about my private self. Why should I?" It is the same with Flip as with Geraldine. What you see, honey, is what you get.



WILSON WITH HIS DOGS, GERRY & RALPH, AT HIS HOME IN HOLLYWOOD HILLS
After the wall, there is a moat, and then the fortress begins.

alties from his four comedy LPs (one of them a gold disk), which are put out by a company of which he is an owner. He no longer plays nightclubs.

Flip is as dedicated to consolidating and preserving his success as he was to attaining it. He thinks about little else but his show. During the 26 weeks of the year when it is being taped, he is very nearly a monk. He has not been to a movie for 21 months, is almost never seen at parties or restaurants, and has very few friends in Hollywood. On taping days, he lives on little more than milk and honey, or the turkey noodle soup that he carries in a flask everywhere he goes—his life is awash in turkey noodle soup. "I mustn't eat a full meal before taping because I'll be sluggish," he says, "and it'll throw my timing off."

Fanatical about his privacy, he often disappears for weekends without telling his closest associates where he is going, and during the half-year that he is free he sometimes disappears for a

thing—a couple of stories, a handful of one-liners."

Nobody, not even the omnipresent George, seems to know what thoughts Flip may have that he does not write down. "He doesn't give much," says Herbert Baker, chief writer on the show. "There's a wall inside the wall is a moat. And then the fortress begins." Few members of his show's staff have ever seen the inside of his home, a two-bedroom colonial that he rents in the Hollywood Hills. His awards—which include two Emmys—are placed in front of his bed, facing a brass statue of a clown, a gift from his friend Redd Foxx.

For a star, he gives very few interviews, perhaps because he feels that he has no reason to explain himself. "I know where I'm at," he says. "I was running before, and I didn't know it. I want to have the rich full life a young man in my position has the opportunity to have. But if anything happens and I'm not able to continue my career, I

Vasectomy: Pro and Con

Unlike the physical sciences, the behavioral disciplines offer no absolutes. On practically any issue, "scientific" evidence is used to support diametrically opposite points of view. Take vasectomy, for example. According to one recently reported investigation, this procedure for male sterilization (in which the tubes that transport sperm are severed) makes sex more pleasurable and marriage happier. According to another, the operation can lead to less satisfying sex, and ultimately to separation and divorce.

The favorable findings come from the Midwest Population Center of Chicago, a nonprofit medical organization

lems, studied 26 couples who came for counseling; in each case the husband had had a vasectomy performed. In this group the operation resulted in "relatively disastrous" consequences, with worsening of old problems or development of new ones. Some of the wives began to feel that their husbands were "no longer a man." Extramarital affairs became more frequent, drinking and job troubles increased, and minor disagreements seemed less tolerable. Though the number of cases in the study is small, Staff Supervisor Shirley Southwick of Worcester, Mass., asserts that they are not atypical: across the country, she says, marriage counselors have

healthy egos and self-confidence apparently can accept sterility without psychological dysfunction," Southwick believes. The moral of the two studies, then, may be that vasectomy should be preceded by psychiatric consultation—a requirement that responsible vasectomy centers already demand.

Who Gets the Children?

Until recently, if the father got custody of the children in a divorce case, most onlookers concluded that the mother had done something pretty dreadful. No longer. Divorce lawyers and family experts around the country are reporting a new byproduct of Women's Lib: the growing tendency of courts to give custody to fathers.

Though many state laws make sex irrelevant in determining custody, judges have traditionally taken the view that only mothers can give youngsters the attention they need. The theory has been that mothers are inherently better fit to provide care and are at home regularly enough to ensure that the children get it. These days, however, Women's Lib has led many men and women to question conventional notions of sex roles. Increasing numbers of wives have simply abandoned home and hearth, leaving husband and children to fend for themselves (TIME, Dec. 20). There are other factors too. Since increasing numbers of women work, the traditional rationale for giving women custody now applies to fewer cases. Ralph Podell, chairman-elect of the American Bar Association's family law section, reports that more men are asking for custody and more judges are granting it.

Harry Fain, a Los Angeles specialist in family law, estimates that 25% of the fathers he represents gain custody of their children. Judge William Hogoboom of the family law department in the Los Angeles Superior Court reports that men are winning custody in 8% to 10% of all cases handled in his court, a substantial increase over a few years ago. The result, says Lewis Ohleyer, domestic relations commissioner for the San Francisco Superior Court, is that "we are actually choosing who would be the best baby sitter." More and more women now prefer to give up their children, and are not afraid to say so. They know that custody makes remarriage harder: working women, particularly, often find that it hinders their life-style.

For fathers, a court victory is only one round of a longer fight. A case in point is that of Lou Filizer, president of a Chicago counseling group called the American Divorce Association for Men. Says Filizer, who has custody of his 14-year-old son: "I had to learn a little about that other role, being around and being more responsive to his presence. It was tough, but we made it."



PATIENT UNDERGOING VASECTOMY IN MANHATTAN DOCTOR'S OFFICE
Psychiatric consultation is also needed.

that does nothing but perform vasectomies. To evaluate its work, the center sent questionnaires to 740 couples six months after vasectomy. Of the 320 who replied, 70% said that the husband's birth control operation had resulted in "a better sex life," while 30% reported no change. Of the men, 93% asserted that they felt "exactly as much a man as before"; another 6% felt even more masculine. Among the women, 75% considered their sense of femininity unchanged and 22% described it as enhanced. An improved relationship was reported by 32% of the couples; 18% believed that they had better rapport with their children since vasectomy.

On the other hand, Family Service-Travelers Aid of Des Moines, a social agency that gives help for marital prob-

lems, growing doubts that vasectomies are always benign.

Though it is impossible to know for sure, the discrepancy between the pro and con studies may result from the psychological health—or distress—of the couples before vasectomy. In the unsuccessful cases the marriages were immature to begin with, Family Service reports. Both husbands and wives were dependent personality types who chose sterilization because it was easy, sure to work, simple to obtain and required no continued effort or self-discipline. They looked to the operation as a magic cure-all for problems ranging from sexual inadequacy to financial insecurity. Inevitably, they were disappointed.

But the results of vasectomy need not be unpredictable. "Men with

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AIRLINES

Takeoff to Recovery

THE airline industry is like the little girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead. When the industry is good, it is very, very good; but when it is bad it is horrid. After nearly two years of being absolutely awful, largely because the U.S. economy was sluggish, the highly cyclical air-travel business appears headed for good times once again.

The Civil Aeronautics Board is forecasting pretax profits of up to \$350 million for the eleven domestic trunk lines this year, up from last year's \$25 million and 1970's \$85 million loss. Executives of six U.S. airlines that either lost money or made only minor profits last year (American, Eastern, National, Northeast, Pan Am and TWA) expect to do much better in 1972. As CAB Chairman Secor Browne says, "the airlines have essentially turned the corner."

Not only is passenger traffic running 3.2% ahead of 1970, but the lines have laid off some 10,000 employees, deferred \$185 million worth of new plane orders, eliminated about 700 flights from their schedules, and otherwise cut operating costs to the leanest levels in years. The CAB last April granted the trunks a 6% fare increase and is expected to permit another 3% rise this spring. The wage controls of Phase II will probably help hold down the industry's labor costs, which have risen at least 43% per employee since 1966 and account for nearly half of all airline overhead.

Of all the flights toward recovery, TWA's has been one of the most dramatic. The line lost \$64 million in 1970 and did little better than break even last year. Wall Street analysts fig-

ure that TWA will earn \$30 million this year. TWA carried out an aggressive cost-cutting program, laying off 4,000 employees and dropping a number of minor passenger services—like eyeshades on night flights. No further economy moves have been announced, but TWA Chairman Charles Tillinghast cautions that "both TWA and the industry are still far from out of the woods."

Mating Season. American Airlines, which lost \$26 million in 1970, made a small profit last year. The company could earn \$36 million this year. One factor in the recovery is President George Spater's successful campaign to focus on the growing leisure market by picking up routes to Hawaii, the South Pacific and the Caribbean. Pan Am lost \$48 million in 1970, and its future looked so bleak last year that the CAB's Browne raised the possibility of some kind of federal assistance for the line. Now Wall Street analysts figure that Pan Am will break even this year and turn a substantial profit in 1973. United Air Lines reduced its losses from \$41 million in 1970 to about \$3,000,000 last year. "I think there will be a turnaround for us in 1972," says U.A.L. President Edward Carlson.

There are exceptions to the riches-rags-riches cycle, mostly among smaller lines that have consistently kept a close check on costs. Delta Air Lines has been profitable for 32 of the past 33 years, and Chairman W. Thomas Beebe this month will report earnings of close to \$40 million for the 1971 calendar year. Despite a five-month airline clerks' strike in 1970, President Donald Nyrop's Northwest Airlines

has a 23-year string of profitable years. For 1971, Northwest should come in with \$19 million in profits, second only to Delta. Continental Airlines, under President Robert Six, has become the industry's most "productive" airline, generating \$33,600 in revenues per employee, compared with an average of \$29,000 for the Big Four (American, Eastern, TWA and United).

This year also holds the promise of more mergers. Five are either before the CAB or being consummated: Allegheny-Mohawk, Eastern-Caribair, Delta-Northeast, American-Western and Northwest-National. Meanwhile, Eastern Chairman Floyd Hall and Pan Am's Chairman Najeib Halaby are said to be talking about a merger. Braniff Chairman Harding Lawrence has said that he would be willing to discuss a marriage with any major airline. And agents for Billionaire Howard Hughes, owner of Air West, are scouting for acquisitions to create a new transcontinental carrier. Even though the industry will be flying high in the near future, there will probably be fewer airlines.

Anybody Want a 747?

FOR SALE—1970 jet-door Boeing 747, radio, heater, factory air cond., 365 bucket seats, only 1,600,000 actual miles. Asking \$22 million. Call 877-7880.

They are not yet taking out ads, but some airline executives are earnestly trying to get rid of a number of their jumbo jets. In an industry that is just beginning to turn the corner to profitability, the big bird has become something of an albatross.

National Airlines has been looking for someone to buy its two 747s "since the day they were delivered," says one executive of the company. Braniff ordered two jumbos but, with help from Boeing, arranged to sell one of



BRANIFF'S LAWRENCE

CONTINENTAL'S SIX

TWA'S TILLINGHAST

DELTA'S BEEBE

AMERICAN'S SPATER

Riding the riches-rags-riches cycle toward fewer competitors and better times.



FRANK SINATRA JR. ENTERTAINS IN AIRBORNE PIANO BAR

them to Universal Airlines, a charter carrier, before the plane ever left the factory. TWA officers are willing to part with one or two of their 19 jumbos if they can find a buyer. Pan Am chiefs would welcome an offer to buy or lease one of their 747s.

Several airlines are simply trying to avoid using their jumbos in order to save money. United has postponed delivery of four 747s from mid-1971 to early 1973. Pan Am is keeping two jumbos in mothballs in Wichita, Kan., and is leasing three more to Eastern Air Lines. World Airways canceled its order for three 747s many months ago.

The 747 is a fine plane, liked by most passengers and pilots. But with business still less than exuberant, the lines find it hard to fill enough seats on the big plane to make money on some routes. To lure passengers, several lines are removing some of the vacant seats and replacing them with bars, pianos and lounges. TWA, for example, has cut its capacity on a jumbo from 342 to 318 seats. Many lines seem to prefer the new tri-jet Douglas DC-10 and Lockheed L-1011. Both have a shorter range than the 747, but they are cheaper to buy and have about 100 fewer seats. Ten of the nation's dozen major scheduled carriers have ordered 169 of the tri-jets; by contrast, they have 107 Boeing jumbos in their fleets—and only eight more on order.

OIL

New Reserves of Green

After several months of careful explorations, six of the world's leading oil-exporting countries finally struck money last week in Geneva. They reached agreement with 16 of the largest oil companies to collect about 8.5% in additional taxes and royalties on petroleum, thus making up for their loss of international buying power after

the dollar was devalued. The deal covers only Persian Gulf exporters, but similar terms will probably be agreed upon for other members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Together, the eleven OPEC members produce 90% of the world's exported oil.

The agreement will add \$700 million to the revenues collected this year by the six Persian Gulf producers, on top of a huge increase already scheduled during 1972 under the oil firms' present contract with OPEC members. Still not satisfied, the oil countries continued their relentless search for new reserves of green. In Geneva, they barely had time to celebrate their victory before they went back into negotiations to discuss their second goal—partial ownership, or "participation" in foreign companies' production facilities in their countries.

BANKING

The Biggest Rescue

Brash, bright and bent on getting ahead, Donald H. Parsons gave up practicing law and went into banking when he was scarcely 30 years old. In the 1960s, with astonishing speed, he put together a financial empire with \$3 billion in assets that centered on a string of 19 banks, most of them in Michigan. But the Parsons Group flourished during the 1970 recession. Parsons was all but wiped out and forced out of banking. Even under new management, the flagship of his operation, Detroit's Bank of the Commonwealth (B.O.C.), continued to sink into deeper trouble. Last week the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation felt obliged to start a \$60 million rescue operation—only the second and by far the larger such lending effort in the agency's 38-year history.

The rescue marks an inglorious end to a flamboyant experiment. Start-

ing in 1960 with an inheritance and money borrowed from friends, Parsons put together \$650,000 and founded the Birmingham-Bloomfield Bank. With money borrowed from Chase Manhattan, Chicago's Continental Illinois National and other major banks, Parsons began buying up other small banks. In 1964 he acquired B.O.C.

As he did with all his banks, Parsons invested B.O.C.'s funds heavily in low-grade 20-year municipal securities. Though they then paid high yields and bolstered bank earnings, they were far tougher to sell than the lower-paying short-term Treasury notes that most banks buy. To attract more money, B.O.C. made what other bankers considered risky loans to oil prospectors, restaurants and black self-help groups. Still, during the first five years of Parsons' management, B.O.C. assets tripled to \$1.5 billion and its earnings quintupled to \$11 million.

Nickel Stock. All that changed with the onset of tight money in 1969. Interest rates rose and deposits dwindled as customers sought a higher return elsewhere on their investments. Loan losses piled up, and B.O.C. became strapped for cash to pay back its borrowings from larger banks. Worst of all, the bank could not cash in its huge investments in state and municipal bonds without taking severe losses: rising money costs had sharply depressed the municipals' market value. In desperate need of funds, Parsons turned to the Federal Reserve Board for aid. Under Government pressure, the Parsons Group divested itself of all its banks, and in 1970 Parsons left.

The B.O.C. has been operated since last January by David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank, which took over after foreclosing on \$21 million in loans. B.O.C., with assets of \$1.3 billion, showed operating losses of \$6.6 million in 1970 and \$4,000,000 last year. To keep the bank from failing, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation moved in. Rather than close down the bank and pay off its depositors—which would take a big chunk (\$750 million) out of FDIC's \$4.7 billion in assets—the agency will make available \$60 million over the next five years to keep the bank running while the Chase management restructures its investments.

The rescue will have to be approved by the bank's stockholders, who stand to lose the most. The FDIC plan calls for holders of common stock to vote a reduction of the par value of their securities from \$3.29 a share all the way down to 5¢. Preferred stock would be diminished from \$100 to \$25. Through a complex bookkeeping device, this will give the bank \$38 million. Most of this money would go to cover losses resulting from the sale of B.O.C.'s top-heavy portfolio of depressed municipal securities. The book value of those municipalities totaled \$246 million at year's

BUSINESS

end, but they were really worth \$29 million less than that on the market.

As for Donald Parsons, now 41 and the target of many lawsuits, he is involved in a new venture: a firm that specializes in tax and financial consulting.

Ambushing Wells Fargo

A pioneer bank and stagecoach company, Wells Fargo helped to open the West, as its storied drivers fought off desperadoes to bring back the gold from California's rich mines. Now the nation's 13th biggest bank, Wells Fargo has been less successful in conquering the new West. Last week Government trustbusters stopped the company from completing one of the biggest mergers in U.S. bank history—a deal that Wells Fargo's chiefs had hoped would expand their reach throughout California.

The intended partner was First Western Bank & Trust Co., which has assets of \$1.1 billion v. Wells Fargo's \$7.8 billion. Very important, First Western has 54 branches, mostly in the Los Angeles area, which would give San Francisco-based Wells Fargo a firm hold in the southern part of the state. California permits banks to branch out statewide; this liberal law has allowed the huge Bank of America to open 977 branches and do 40% of the state's banking. Wells Fargo President Richard P. Cooley, 48, a tall, angular World War II pilot who is rated one of the nation's best bankers, has long yearned to compete more strongly with the B. of A. Says he: "Corporations want to operate statewide in California, and we have to be in the south in a big way to take care of them. If we're not, we lose them."

Costly Growth. In 1967, Wells Fargo started a five-year program to open 50 branches in Southern California. But California's economy has been slowed by the recession in aerospace, and it now takes three years instead of the expected 18 months for a new branch to become profitable. Thus Cooley will build only a few more outlets after the expansion program is completed later this year. Instead, he will concentrate on trying to get higher profits out of the bank's 285 branches.

With start-up expenses so high, Wells Fargo was understandably eager to acquire First Western's existing system. Cooley was willing to pay \$95 million, almost \$22 million more than First Western's book value. Though the U.S. Comptroller of the Currency approved the deal, the Justice Department has taken a much sterner view, claiming the merger would reduce competition in both lending and customer service. Last week Justice filed suit against the Wells Fargo merger, and most observers figured that Cooley would drop the deal rather than fight a long, costly battle in court.

The biggest loser will be First Western, a bank that was originally spun off from A.P. Giannini's Transamerica Corp., and has been owned at various times by two Texas tycoons, Troy Post and James Ling. Its current owner is World Airways, which has made millions in the past decade, largely by hauling troops and equipment to Viet Nam.

World President Edward J. Daly is in a bind. According to a rule passed by Congress last year, non-banking companies can no longer own banks. And since Daly does not want to sell World Airways, he must sell First Western. But to whom? The Justice Department decision implies that any U.S. bank large enough to afford the price cannot buy First Western.

NICHOLAS ALEXANDER



COOLEY WITH COMPANY STAGECOACH
Chilled in the south.

But Government officials, under political pressure from foreign countries to redress the recent expansion of U.S. banks abroad, would welcome serious bids from non-U.S. banks.

FRANCE

From Concubine to Bride

It is no secret that the French government does not share the philosophy of U.S. trustbusters—it actively encourages bigness in business. During the last few years mergers have melded the country's leading steel, glass and electronics manufacturers. This week the biggest industrial combine of all (\$2.7 billion in sales) will be formed when a new stock issue unites two companies—Pechiney and Ugine Kuhlmann—that dominate Europe in the production of aluminum, stainless

steel, specialty steels and nonferrous metals such as titanium, zirconium and tantalum.

The match was planned for more than a year by Pierre Jouven, Pechiney's chief, and Pierre Grézel, who was the head of Ugine Kuhlmann. The companies had already been jointly marketing aluminum, leading one officer to remark: "Pechiney has been in concubinage with Ugine Kuhlmann for years. They're just finally getting married." This week Jouven, 63, whose immediate job is to weld the two management teams into a balanced international organization, will become chairman of the combine, and 70-year-old Grézel will retire.

The combine plans to take the fullest advantage of a worldwide marketing and manufacturing network set up by Pechiney in more than 20 countries round the globe. In the U.S. alone, Pechiney has 200 sales offices and controls Hommet Corp., an aluminum maker and fabricator, which in 1970 had sales of \$250 million. With some 40% of Pechiney Ugine Kuhlmann's sales generated abroad, French officials see the new giant as an answer to "the American Challenge." Already the combine, among many other ventures, is negotiating with the Soviets to help design and build a \$500 million aluminum complex in Siberia, which will have an output equal to nearly half Pechiney's worldwide capacity.

INEFFICIENCY

Buchwald's Law

To Gresham's law, Walras' law, Parkinson's law and Mrs. Parkinson's law, students of the human condition can now add Buchwald's law: As the economy gets better, everything else gets worse.

Columnist Art Buchwald hit upon his formulation after noticing that most economic indicators are pointing up. "More people are starting to travel on the airlines, which is a very good thing," he wrote last week. "But if things keep getting better, the airports won't be able to handle the traffic, the planes will be overbooked, luggage will be lost and the airlines will have a very good economic year."

The price of a strong economy, Buchwald theorized, is a breakdown in the services that the economy provides. "The more refrigerators people buy, the less chance they have of getting them repaired. The more cars that are sold, the bigger pollution and traffic problems you have."

Buchwald forecast a great economic year for 1972: "Life won't be as bad as it was in the late '60s when things were booming, but I predict that it will be a good enough year that people will be able to feel how miserable a healthy economy can be."

It's sort of a miniature musclecar.

No, the Datsun 1200 Sport Coupe isn't one of those great, snorting thunderbarges. But it's not your run-of-the-mill economy car, either.

It's something in between. A neat little machine that handles like a sports car, goes like a bat and comes with an economy

price that includes a lot of extras as standard equipment. Reclining buckets, tinted glass, whitewalls and nylon carpeting to name a few. Add to that an engine that delivers around 30 miles per gallon. It's a powerful combination at any price.

Drive a Datsun... then decide.



FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

Would you give a couple of hours to be part of Something Important?

Here are 21 ways you can:

1 Umpire a soft ball game between two teams of 8-to-10 year olds from a youth center. 2 Bring the slides/movies of your trip to Europe and show them at an old people's home. 3 Help an under-achieving grade-schooler with his reading lesson. (Doesn't take being a teacher. Just your being patient, and able to read.) 4 Do the week's laundry for an elderly couple. (There's a laundry room in their building, but she's in a hip cast.) Or help with their shopping. (He's really not strong enough to carry a week's groceries home.) 5 Be one of the escorts without whom a Head Start class won't get to visit a museum, or go to the Zoo, or see a movie. 6 Play chauffeur for a disabled lady who can't take a bus to her clinic appointment. Or for high-schoolers and senior citizens who need transportation to their volunteer jobs. 7 Sit and visit with a shut-in. 8 Do an hour's ironing, or some simple mending for a recuperating housewife. 9 Bring your guitar/horn/whatever to a youth seminar on music. 10 Play Scrabble or Gin with some former mental patients who are readjusting to life. 11 Help a dropout get his second chance, with a tutoring session in a basic high school subject. 12 Man the Hot

Line on the switchboard of an agency that offers emergency services. 13 Read part of a book, or the daily papers, to a blind person. 14 Give an arthritic grandmother a shampoo-and-set, or a manicure. 15 Do cash register duty—and sit and rap with the young people—in a neighborhood coffee house. 16 Give some teen-age mothers a basic lesson in sewing or cooking. 17 Line up two job interviews for a 17-year-old who can't stay in night school without getting a job. 18 Help pass out the cookies and play games with the little kids in a day care center. 19 Type/file some of the overload correspondence in the understaffed office of an agency that rehabilitates ex-addicts. 20 Be a book cart attendant or a telephone hostess, help on an information desk or with the milk and tray service, at a hospital. 21 Help a settlement house get some good out of the woodworking shop or the dark room that's idle because no one on the staff can teach the kids how to use the equipment. **OR:** what other kind of service or skill would you enjoy offering for a couple of hours? There are people who need what you can do. Right now, right here in/around Chicago.

You can be a real help—even if only for a few hours. Call the Voluntary Action Center, your central clearing house for volunteers in the Chicago area. Dial 427-9151 and ask for Mrs. Arthur.



"Coverages don't overlap too often but even once is too often...it's a waste of money!"



"We should buy it altogether from one agent...that's one way we could save."



"Any liability while hunting, boating, golfing, any sport...we're covered."



"We've got a snowmobile, a boat and trailer, and an all-terrain vehicle... they're all covered in our Homeowner's Altogether Protection."



"A \$50,000 life policy could cost a lot, but not when it's altogether like Perma-Term...that's permanent and term insurance combined."



"Yes, children too! I gave my grandson an Altogether Life Policy before he could walk."



"We wouldn't buy two tractors if we just needed one...why pay twice for the same insurance?"



"Sure, when you're driving a borrowed car too."



"Yes, dear...of course it's affordable, dear. It's altogether."

it's better
altogether



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LifeHomeCarBusiness

Get away from the crowd.
Get the flavor you want in
Old Gold Filters.



Man Eat Man

GREEN HELL: MASSACRE OF THE
BRAZILIAN INDIANS

by LUCIEN BODARD

translated by JENNIFER MONAGHAN

291 pages. Outerbridge & Dienstfrey.
\$8.95.

"Brazil, where the nuts come from," said Charley's aunt, thus inadvertently assessing the extent of nearly everyone's knowledge of a country that covers 6% of the earth's land surface. But Brazil, especially Amazonia, is the last old-fashioned Eldorado left, a trove of unexploited gold, rare woods, precious stones, exotic pelts and untold deposits of minerals. It is also one of the last places where the bloodshot eye of the fatigued humanist can still see in progress the fatal consequences of Eldorado: the destruction of indigenous peoples. Lucien Bodard, a French journalist and author (*The Quicksand War: Prelude to Vietnam*), takes it all in, from the first Amazon man hunts in the 16th century to the huge inland island of Bananal where today Indian survivors stage ceremonies and even wars for tourist dollars in a government-built "primitive" village.

It was money, of course, that began the extermination of the Indians some 400 years ago. Portuguese adventurers, as thick as piranhas, swarmed up the Amazon, slaughtering all the Indians that seemed unfit for slavery. When the Indians, who had no concept of regular work, proved uneconomical, black Africans were imported. Indian, white and black blood blended into mulatto culture, which continued to prey on the tribal Indian. Throughout the 17th and 18th centuries in the Mato Grosso, private armies of *bandeirantes* pillaged for gold, diamonds and slaves. Thousands of Indians who were not killed by gun died because they lacked the antibodies to ward off their invaders' most common illnesses. The Indians retaliated sporadically, piercing their persecutors with long arrows, eating their flesh and occasionally shrinking their heads (which commanded a high price as curios in the civilized world).

The rubber boom of the 19th century uncovered more tribes and spoils in the Amazon's west. To harvest "the trees that weep," new horrors were devised. Down-and-outs from all over Brazil were lured with big promises, only to find themselves victims of a kind of grocery slavery. Overextended

credit at the company store, accompanied by threats of death from company gunsels, kept the rubber workers toiling vainly to clear their debts. They were usually cheated and left to rot among their isolated stands of dried-up trees while the profits went to Manaus, that roccoco Sodom in the middle of the Amazon's vegetable sea. Before the rubber bust, Manaus' theaters starred Pavlova and Bernhardt, and its richest residents sent their shirts to London to be ironed.

The savagery and vitality of Brazil's past, its "sadism and felicity," become a musky essence that pervades Bodard's writing, even when he deals with the present. People whom he



CARAJÁ INDIANS IN FULL HEADDRESS
Bombs and poisoned candy.

meets or hears about in his travels deserve hooks of their own. There are the Vilas Boas brothers, Orlando and Cláudio, who have dedicated themselves to saving the Indians. Orlando is burly, harsh and volatile. Cláudio, idealistic and introverted, is so lost in an irreconcilable vision of the noble savage, the savagery of ignoble civilization, that he periodically retreats further into the jungle to read philosophy in a native hammock. There are the diamond diggers of Aragarças, their skin made as hard as aluminum by insect bites, who blow each *bonanza* on preposterous luxuries sold to them at incredible prices by Levantine traders: mink coats for jungle prostitutes, a Cadillac shipped in pieces and reassembled to run back and forth on 100 yards of pavement.

Bodard is stunned by the cold beauty of Brasília, the new futuristic capital designed by the socialist architect

Oscar Niemeyer. The city, Bodard says, has been given "the face of socialism in its purest state, the face of political commissaries in a totally futuristic Kremlin. But the truth is that there is no socialism in Brazil and no socialism in Brasília. It is only a dream."

Whatever road Brazil eventually takes, it will probably be a disaster for the remaining Indians. The Amazon will be further penetrated for its wealth, resulting in the callous elimination of more tribal peoples. It is a familiar story, especially to North Americans, who had the despair of their dead Indians raised to a grand passion in last year's bestseller *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*. Bodard's brutal epic does even more. It gives North Americans a rerun of their own haunted past as seen through Brazil's uneasy present. ■ R. Z. Sheppard

The Black Prince

HIDE FOX, AND ALL AFTER

by RAFAEL YGLESIAS

203 pages. Doubleday. \$5.95.

It is not often that a writer sees his main character as clearly and directly as Rafael Yglesias sees Raul, the precocious 14-year-old who bombs out of private school in this brief and crystalline first novel. The author avoids displays of virtuosity, the pleasures of romantic posturing, and all other possible uses of fiction except this one: to watch with great care a being who fascinates him. The steadiness and detachment of his view would be remarkable in any case, but are truly astonishing for a writer who was exactly 15 years old when he wrote the novel.

Raul is a good subject, a tangle of immaturities held together by intelligence. He hides as much of the jumble as he can behind a pose that is half self-satire. The "Black Prince," as he calls himself in mockery, is a mannered, deadly literary duelist who slices fellow students and blundering adults into home fries with razor-edged misquotations. The Black Prince is a devilish smoker of cigarettes and a virgin, who is torn between self-disgust at this fault and contempt for the mawkishness of teenage passion.

As the novel begins, Raul sits in a hearnery in The Bronx, near the Cabot School, wrapped in a satisfying combination of doom and glory. He is preparing to cut classes for the tenth straight day. Fascinated classmates crowd round to be recognized or snubbed, as black-princely honor requires. Expertly—he is practiced at this—Raul builds his mood from their reactions. He must have theater, Alec, a worldly friend, asks why Raul has dressed in black. "I'm in mourning for my life," he replies. "Who is that from?" asks Alec, a bit off balance. "Chekhov," says Raul. "Ah, yes. But



NOVELIST RAFAEL YGLESIAS
Deadly duelist.

what play?" says Alec, recovering nicely. "The Sea Gull. I think. Yes, definitely. The Sea Gull." He knew damn well it was *The Sea Gull*. But the footwork was marvelous.

Not all that marvelous, but the author (surprisingly, considering his age) sees this. When Yglesias sets down Raul's dilemma, which is how to keep well-intentioned authority from marking his mind before it can grow an adequate protective shell, he does it without the self-pity that might be expected of a young writer. His Raul is induced to return to school temporarily, where he performs brilliantly as Rosencrantz in a production of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*. Rosencrantz is more or less his role in life at the moment.

Comparisons with *The Catcher in the Rye* are inevitable, simply because all novels about youth in flight are still measured against Salinger's. But what such a weighing shows is chiefly that Yglesias's tone—far more detached than Salinger's—is completely his own and that Holden Caulfield would now be pushing 40. Salinger's novel is a wholly mature work. Yglesias is still capable of childish sentences. But his is a superior novel, without regard to the age of its author. In the end, when Raul has dropped out of school for good, it is hard to know whether his flight is self-preservation or self-destruction, and to the reader this matters very much.

—John Skow

Rafael Yglesias, now 17, readily admits *Hide Fox* is all but quibblingly autobiographic. "It is so close that at times it was hard to avoid writing my own name down—or rather to stop myself calling myself 'Raul' when I was talking to people." He adds, sounding very like Raul indeed: "Most of adolescence is unbelievably pretentious;

yet psychologically adolescents are as complex as adults."

Yglesias was reading Dickens at age nine. Before he was 15, he had dropped out of Horace Mann, a highly regarded Bronx prep school resembling Cabot. Like his hero, he was an eager amateur actor who kept cutting classes, partly because school interfered with his writing and reading. *Hide Fox* owes not just its theme but the will to create it to an adolescent putting on roles. "I very pompously told myself I was a writer at eight," he says. "Ever since then I kept a notebook and tried to keep myself writing in it. I started 200 novels, got two or three pages into each. But when I left Horace Mann I felt my back was against the wall. Fear, I guess, was what drove me to the torturous process writing really is."

He wrote most of the book in Maine, where his parents have a place, finishing it on his 16th birthday. He did not get any help from them on the book, but will shortly be in the odd position of comparing reviews with two other Yglesias novelists. His father Jose is the author of several books, including *The Truth About Them* (World), a just-published autobiographical novel about a Cuban-American clan. His mother Helen won this year's Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award for her first novel *How She Died*, which appears next month. Says Rafael: "My relationship with my parents now—it was different when I first dropped out of school—is a very friendly one. We're all in this writing thing together. It has made a great camaraderie between us."

Rafael is deeply into the role of the adolescent writer—broke, living in a tiny railroad apartment, bathtub in the kitchen, mattress on the floor. "I've got interviews every day this week. Tomorrow the New York Times, Friday *Seventeen* (and just in time!)." He already has a 100-page start on a longer second novel, "not so autobiographical of course." Looking back: "I was fragments of an individual floating in space. I very much wanted to be an actor; but that's even harder of access than publishing, so I don't suppose I'll ever do it now that I have this start." Then another trial role flickers into place: "—unless somebody makes me an astonishing offer."

Willie and Joe

THE BRASS RING
by BILL MAULDIN

275 pages. W.W. Norton. \$7.95.

They never shaved. They were so dirty that even the paper on which they appeared seemed to take on a grubby look. Yet the faces of Bill Mauldin's Willie and Joe were as admired and familiar to Americans during World War II as Dwight D. Eisenhower's. Irreverent toward rank and

cynical about the war—"Just gimme th' aspirin," Willie tells a medic. "I already got a Purple Heart"—Willie and Joe were more than cartoon characters. They were the American G.I.

Drawing for *Stars and Stripes*, the Army's newspaper, Mauldin was telling it like it is long before that dreadful phrase was invented (see cut). Mauldin also became a kind of ombudsman for the G.I. in his war with officers and gentlemen. When the general who administered Naples, for example, started handing out four-day jail terms to war-weary troops for minor dress infractions, Mauldin—and Willie and Joe—were there with a cartoon. "Them huttens was shot off when I took this town, sir," a bedraggled Willie tells a well-scrubbed rear-echelon lieutenant. In Mauldin's view, noncombat



"I need a couple guys what don't owe me no money fer a little routine patrol."

officers were there to be put down.

General George Patton, among others, thought that Mauldin's attitude toward discipline and authority was subversive. The funniest scene in this often funny book—which Mauldin calls "a sort of a memoir"—is the confrontation between the 23-year-old cartoonist and the famous general. "Now then, sergeant," Patton says in his most tolerant tone, "about those god-awful things you call soldiers. You know goddamn well you're not drawing an accurate representation of the American soldier. You make them look like goddamn huns. No respect for the army, their officers, or themselves. You know as well as I do that you can't have an army without respect for officers. What are you trying to do, incite a goddamn mutiny?"

Mauldin continued to lampoon the brass. The top command thought, correctly as it happened, that Willie and Joe were morale boosters, and even Patton could not touch them. Far from being incitements to mutiny, they were escape valves for the frustrations of

BOOKS

the ordinary soldier. Mauldin's humor was often biting, but it was never mean.

For two decades, Mauldin has been one of America's better-known political cartoonists. Yet his approach to his own story, which he carries only up to his mustering-out day in 1945, is one of embarrassed wonder and unembarrassed pride. His boyhood had been spent well below the poverty line. Yet just ten years after he started cartooning from a correspondence course, Willie, his best-known creation, was on the cover of *TIME*, a book of his cartoons was No. 1 on the best-seller list, and 200 newspapers had signed up for his future output. He was still only 23.

■ Gerald Clarke

Peter and the Wasp

THE DECLINE OF THE WASP

by PETER SCHRAG

255 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$6.95.

There is nothing quite like a master theory of history to set the old blood coursing. Master Theorist climbs his neat little mountain. He looks down upon the masses—ants, really. He hears the rush of centuries—a mere tick-tock. Then he closes eyes and ears tight and pronounces his patented, stretch-fit perspective. Can any high match the high of an intellectual passing the aeons in review?

To the list of great pulse flutterers like Toynbee and Spengler must now be added the name of Peter Schrag. A knowledgeable and lively writer on the subject of education (*Voices in the Classroom*), Schrag has restricted himself here to American history. But alas, the apprentice pundit has not restricted himself enough. He is still the victim of that dread disease of Master Theorists: the single explanation.

What once made America great? What now makes America fairly awful? Schrag's answer to both questions: the WASP. The plot of Peter and the Wasp goes like this:

Once upon a time, white Anglo-Saxon Protestants—Puritans and the children of Puritans—clamped a code on America as tight as the pillory. Ramrod stiff with duty, tense with work ethic, the code operated splendidly on the frontier, and more or less adequately until after World War II. But then WASP "defaulted on their birthright of cussedness and irreverence" and turned into what Schrag calls the "plastic WASP." Still claiming to be the model—the only model—for a Good American, the plastic WASP has ended up a crabby tyrant of pallid respectability.

At this point, Schrag proceeds to potshot all the easy targets in sight. Disneyland and *Playboy*. Pat Nixon and Doris Day, Billy Graham and flavorless bread—blaming them all on the WASP.

Schrag's monolithic reading runs its natural course to self-parody. But

the sad thing is that in overestimating the WASP—both as hero and as villain—he underestimates everybody else. One would never guess that the most talented playwright in American history was a black Irishman named Eugene O'Neill, or that the wisest philosopher was a half-Spaniard, George Santayana. One would never suspect that America's only native art, jazz, was the invention of Americans who were neither Anglo-Saxon nor white.

In straining to justify his theory of WASP domination, Schrag goes so far as to classify John F. Kennedy as a "perhaps" WASP. But even more regrettable than such thesis twisting is the author's failure to recognize that the case against the WASP has already been made—by WASPS. From Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry James through Sinclair Lewis and J.P. Marquand, the WASP novelist has chosen as a favorite theme the moral decay within his breed.

Schrag is correct, if obvious, in decrying "conformity." He may even be partially correct in blaming conformity on the WASP. But in calling for "diversity and dissent," he fails to supply enough of these qualities to his own polemic. And what would he propose for a WASP-free America? After half seriously nominating Bella Abzug, Muhammad Ali, and Johnny Cash for President, he suggests legalizing marijuana, abortion and homosexuality, plus "decentralizing" schools and police forces.

Poor rugged-individualist Schrag! A nasty fate is in store. Before his manifesto has time to dry, all those despised WASP liberals will be lining up to sign their plastic John Hancock to it.

■ Melvin Maddocks

THE THEATER

Star-Crossed Haters

VIVAT! VIVAT REGINA!

by ROBERT BOLT

To insist on seeing "the new Neil Simon" or nothing is to enlist in New York's legion of the theatrically self-deprived. In reality, Broadway is a pageant with something to beguile every eye. The latest treat is *Vivat! Vivat Regina!*, a vivid tapestry of passion, blood, majesty and death.

The play centers on the fierce duel of wiles and wills between Elizabeth I (Eileen Atkins) and Mary Stuart (Claire Bloom). The two never meet,

FRIEDMAN/ARLBERG



EILEEN ATKINS IN "VIVAT!"

Duel of wiles and wills.

yet each haunts the mind of the other. Robert Bolt writes a number of what might be called "blackboard scenes" to fill in the history, and he manages these cleverly and without pedantry.

He is fascinated by the drama of choice and its costs. In Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons*, Sir Thomas More had to choose between his conscience and his King. The queenly star-crossed haters of *Vivat!* must choose between their hearts and their crowns. Mary counts the world well lost for love and loses her head. Elizabeth enforces her sexual urges to make her throne secure. The bitterness and the poignance are that Mary sees in Elizabeth the empire she might have commanded, and Elizabeth sees in Mary the personal fulfillment she might have gained.

Hampered by a simulated French accent, Bloom lacks gravity in certain scenes, but her ravishing beauty is authority enough. With a voice that can raise a welt with a whisper, Atkins is monarch of all she surveys. The rest of the excellent cast helps make the Broadhurst Theater a plot of royal ground.

■ T.E. Kolem

BEST SELLERS

FICTION

- 1—*Wheels, Hailey (1st week)*
- 2—*The Day of the Jackal, Forsyth (2)*
- 3—*The Winds of War, Wouk (5)*
- 4—*Rabbit Redux, Updike (9)*
- 5—*The Betsy, Robbins (3)*
- 6—*The Exorcist, Blofeld (4)*
- 7—*Nemesis, Christie (6)*
- 8—*Our Gang, Roth (8)*
- 9—*Message from Malaga, MacInnes (7)*
- 10—*Bear Island, MacLean (10)*

NONFICTION

- 1—*Eleanor and Franklin, Lash (1)*
- 2—*Tracy and Hepburn, Kanin (3)*
- 3—*Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (2)*
- 4—*Brian Piccolo: A Short Season, Morris (5)*
- 5—*Honor Thy Father, Talese (6)*
- 6—*Jennie, Vol II: The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill, 1895-1921, Marlin (7)*
- 7—*The Last Whole Earth Catalog, Portala Institute (4)*
- 8—*Wunnerful, Wunnerful: The Autobiography of Lawrence Welk, Welk with McGeehan (9)*
- 9—*The Defense Never Rests, Bailey with Aronson (10)*
- 10—*I Am Thirt, Sayers*

Opel clears up the confusion in the small car market.

Advice from a friend.

What is the real price?

If you've been watching the small car market recently you know it's had its ups and downs. Price changes, tax changes, surcharge increases, surcharge decreases. We have a suggestion that should clear up matters. See your Buick/Opel dealer. He'll give you the straight facts about Opel prices. And when you get them we think you'll be pleasantly surprised. Because even with all the confusion, Opel is still one of the lowest priced cars in the country. And one of the biggest values.

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When you look at a small car's price sticker, take a good look at the car it's glued to. In the case of Buick's Opel you'll find that its price includes quite a bit of standard equipment. Quite a bit. Sure, there are some things you might want to add to make your Opel a little more perfect for you. But the list isn't terribly long. And that's because Opel's list of standard equipment is.



We think Opel is a lot of car for the money. And people who know cars seem to agree. They've said a lot of nice things about the 1972 Opels. For example, CAR AND DRIVER magazine said, "Given our choice of any supercoupe between the Atlantic and the Pacific, we'd take the Opel Rallye."



**Buick's Opel.
Still a small price.
Still a big value.**

Still your friend.

Is it hard to get service if I need it?

Getting parts and service has long been a problem with many small cars. Not so with Opel. Opel is serviced by Buick/Opel dealers all over the country. Over 2000 in all. Which is good to know. It's also good to know that Opel is built to help keep service needs down. Things like lubricated-for-life suspension joints and a hydraulic valve lifter engine for quiet operation and reduced maintenance expense help see to that.

Drive it. You'll like it.

There's only one way to really appreciate the 1972 Opel. And that's to take a test drive in one. Your Buick/Opel dealer will be happy to let you drive an Opel so you can experience its responsive rack-and-pinion steering. Its peppy 1.9 liter engine. Its smooth power front disc brakes. And all the other features that help make Opel more of a friend than ever these days.

Stop in and see your Buick/Opel dealer soon. Today if you can. And bring plenty of questions. Because he has all the answers.



"Diving 40 ft. without oxygen was scary enough, until I found out what the white mizugi was for."



"Here we were, just offshore from the famous Mikimoto pearl island in Japan—about to dive with the legendary ama. These incredible lady pearl divers can plunge as deep as 40 ft. and stay under for over a minute. Their white *mizugi* (bathing suit), I was politely told, is worn to ward off inquisitive sharks.



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